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FRANK CASS

out of a spirit of narrow fanaticism and deliberate parochialism, choose, predictably, to turn their backs on the world of scholarship and to publish their research in Flemish rather than in French—an extraordinary case of self-mutilation—with the result that some no doubt excellent work has remained unknown outside Ghent.

Then there is the purely technical difficulty, familiar to editors of volumes of the *New Cambridge Modern History*. The translation of historical works is not simple; if it is not entrusted to professional historians, who are also specialists of the country and the period concerned and who have in addition a wide experience of the national culture of that country, all sorts of mistranslations, errors in emphasis, confusion about definition, and comical howlers are likely to arise. Translation is not enough: the same words do not have quite the same meaning from one country to another and institutions are even more deceptive. The historical translator must then be a very rare being. It is not surprising that much recent translation has been exceedingly bad. This was especially the case of the two volumes based on Lefebvre's general history of the Revolution, both crammed with errors and, in some cases, with literal translations that are totally misleading, when not bewildering.

How much more difficult, then, the task of the translator of specialized work on the Revolution period. If he is English, he has to contend with the most intractable problems. We may draw what satisfaction we choose—surely some—from the fact that such words as *démocratie* and *démocratie* (the commoner rendering) do not exist in English, or, at least, cannot be easily translated (nor does, nor can, the word *conscience*), and that, in the absence of a revolutionary tradition and lacking the experience of revolutionary institutions, specialized in repression and terror, there is no adequate English equivalent for *comité de surveillance*, *société populaire*, *ambulance*, *permanence*, *fraternisation*, *scrutin épuratoire*, *affiliation*. Verbs like *révolutionner*, *électriser*, or verbs in phrases like *se refaire une virginité républicaine*, are difficult to conjugate in English (never, for that matter, having undergone the experience of foreign occupation, we would probably have difficulty with *collaborer horizontalement* and *collaboration horizontale*). The language of Revolution affects euphemism—*glaise de la justice*, *défenseur de la patrie*—and constantly tends to exaggeration: a man who threw a brick at a *représentant*, and missed, is described as an assassin, his act as an *attentat contre la représentation nationale*; a *patriote* who is assailed, in a country lane, by a group of royalists armed with sticks, cries out, before he is even hit: *un secours, la suite assassiné*. It is also thickly strewn with death labels—*foyaliste*, *brissotin*, *rolandin*, *fédéraliste*, *exagéré*, *ultra-révolutionnaire*, *philippin*, *poarri*, *hébertiste*, *dantoniste*, *chouanniste*, *robespierliste*, *collatiste*—most of them used by those immediately behind in the queue for power about those immediately ahead of them. Almost everyone is someone's bad word; there is no necessary limit to the slanging match, other than total extermination. Equally, the spirit of a regime that can call a child or a grown man—*Epinard*, *Haricot*, *Cédré*, *Brable*, that can reduce Lyons to *Commune-affranchie*, denote Marseilles to *Ville-sans-nom*, and that attaches a mystical importance to the power of words (how many *Actes d'accusation* carry the phrase *avoir mal parlé de*—a hundred things, from the Convention and the maximum to Robespierre and the cockade?) is not easily rendered into the cold light of English. Once translated, such things appear ludicrous or comic, yet at the time words were dangerous, and Robespierre's red pencil runs smoothly beneath phrases of reported speech, words could send the incurably irreverent, the salacious, the doubting, the drunk, to the guillotine. This is in every sense an alien language, and there are limits to what the translator can do.

That this is so is well illustrated in the present case. Dr. Badick is a skilled and sensitive translator. Very much at home with the most complicated literary text. Unfortunately, he is also one of those translators who have made it their golden rule to avoid italics at all costs, with the result that he has attempted to translate everything into the "level" words of

for *gardiens*—that is, persons put to guard suspects in their own homes; *garde-scélérats* (poor wretches occupying a similar function, in this case to keep an eye on the sealed-up property of the suspects and the condemned) are promoted, bizarrely, to "keepers of the seals"; he will not even allow *sous-cultures*, translated, at one stage, rather lamely, and not at all helpfully as "poor citizens"; "revolutionary taxes" is not an adequate translation of *taxes révolutionnaires* in a very specific type of forced loan, often in kind). The English reader must be sufficiently familiar with the *tribunal révolutionnaire* for it not to be necessary to confront him with something called a "revolutionary court" and "provisional justice" for *justice préventive*, would only have significance as "court martial" or "military court". An *insoumis* is more than an "absentee" and there is surely no need to inflict upon us the barbarism "attorney-general-syndic" for *procureur-général-syndic*. If the translator had followed Dr. Gwynne Lewis's example, in his translation of Soboul, and added a glossary of revolutionary institutions and expressions, he could have dispensed with the need to translate everything. As it is, many of Lefebvre's references to specific institutions are lost or thrown out of focus, so that the reader often has the impression that he is missing something, which he often is.

When these two books first came out in the Collection Armand Colin, in 1937, they were designed, as text books, to fill one of the most obvious gaps in French historical study, in Thermidorian period having previously been almost completely neglected, while the Directory had been the subject of a single, enormous study, published at the end of the nineteenth century, and of Professor Reinhard's thesis on the Sarthe. But the same need no longer exists today, both periods having been the object of detailed research, locally and on the national level, by recent French, English, Canadian and Italian historians (some of these are listed in the bibliographies). Both books are out of date, and though *The Directory* is still a useful introductory guide to a period that is quite appallingly confused, with its repetitive tangle of coups d'état, new directors, new elections, and will help the student pick his way through the minefield of violent days—18 Fructidor, 22 Floréal, 30 Prairial, 18 Brumaire—Professor Godechot's *La Grande Nation* is a much better one (it also has a chronological table, something very much needed in both the present volumes).

This is not Georges Lefebvre at his best. Indeed, in an attempt to give some sort of coherence to a period marked above all by political instability, uncertainty and confusion, by ungovernment or by the coexistence of rival governments, regional pressure groups and various degrees of federalism, he tends to make far too great a claim for consciously-directed class interest, particularly on the part of the bourgeoisie—though all the Thermidorians were in fact bourgeois, no group could have been less united; they were a very mixed bag indeed, drawn together, for a matter of hours only, by fear and the need to survive—and for highly stylized class conflicts. Equally, his analysis of social composition is often crude and unsophisticated, particularly in the light of the more recent definitions put forward, with extreme caution and many reservations, by Albert Soboul and George Rudé. He refers, for instance, to the Montagnards as "coming from the upper middle class" (a number came from the lower), while the Terrorist of the Year Two, as seen in the eyes of the Thermidorians—who seem to have been remarkably well read in their Marx—is described as "the man who had undertaken to curb social individualism and to bar the way to a nascent capitalism". The Jacobins were "partisans of social democracy" while the *sans-culottes* included artisans and shopkeepers "as well as the proletariat". The Thermidorian ruling class had no choice but to return to a free economy because that was the necessary condition of capitalist exploitation: "his aim was to assure the predominance of the bourgeoisie while the rise to power of France, in the Year Two, the bourgeoisie had been deprived of power" and the Montagnards "had put themselves at the head of the social revolution".

Finally, the 18 Brumaire, "initiated by a few bold bourgeois... finally established the power of the bourgeoisie...". And there is a lot more of this kind of Bad Bold Baron class history.

Statements of this kind are misleading and often quite meaningless; nothing can be gained by lumping together, in a single group of Thermidorians (*la bourgeoisie thermidorienne*), politicians of whom some were open royalists, others ex-terrorists and terrorists-to-be, moderates like Thibaudeau and frothing fanatics like Isard or Cadroy. The insistence with which the author returns to this theme in order to ram home his point about class interest, nascent capitalism and so on (a theme, incidentally, that has been most effectively disposed of by Professor Cobban) may also have something to do with the fact that both books were written in 1936, in the first flush of the Popular Front. In his postwar works Lefebvre's tend to be more flexible.

Another weakness of both works is the narrowness of the platform of local research on which they are based. Apart from Lefebvre's own explorations in the records of the Nord and the Orléanais, general statements regarding the situation all over France any time between 1794 and 1799 are based on examples drawn from half a dozen Departments only: the Nord, Orléans (for the Year Three and Four), the Aisne (for a few months of the Year Three), the Vaucluse and the Var (for the Year Three), the district de Vire, in the Calvados, and the Sarthe, for the whole period. This is not much to go on. Since 1937, however, detailed local studies have been made of the Thermidorian period and of the Directory in Lyons (Renée Fuoc), in Paris (K. Tonnasson), in Rouen (R. Mazaurio), in Toulouse and the Mont-Terrible (J. Suratteau), in Amiens (Metz (J. Woloch), while a general study of Thermidorian Marseilles is at present near completion. At the same time M. Reinhard and a team of young researchers have devoted a series of studies to the demographic crisis of the two-year period of death, from Thermidor Year Two to Thermidor Year Four. The general effect of this work has been further to emphasize the extreme variety of conditions prevailing from one area to another during a period that, for long, was regarded as a sort of hiatus in French history—one cannot blame historians for having for so long steered clear of it—and that might be best described in the words used by General de Gaulle for the revolutionary period as a whole: "ces années troubles".

They certainly were. Indeed, save during the Wars of Religion, there is probably no more chaotic and violent period in French history. It is only bit by bit, as a result of these local enquiries, that the collective "pay-off" on the Terror—and on the terrorists—the hideous flowering of public and private vengeance, the full effects of a famine crisis, here severe, elsewhere mild, the breakdown of authority (even the gendarmerie turned to crime), the enormous difficulty of recruiting officials, the full complexity, in fact, of the 1795 situation, are being discovered. Nothing could be more confusing historically—a confusion reflected even in the mixture of motives dictating conduct on a personal level—than the liquidation of a revolutionary regime and of a vast bureaucracy of repression. Thermidor was claimed, at the time, as a return to "normality": to harmony, forgiveness and the *régime des lois*; as it turned out, it was a jump into unrestrained violence, chaos and lynch law. The years 1794-97, in particular, are jungle years: no wonder, in order to describe their opponents and to define a situation which was giving rise to every possible example of human passion, intrinsigence, brutality and cruelty, contemporaries should have had to look to another continent—*tigres d'Afrique*, *cannibales*, *hyènes*, *la France divisée en deux tribus diaboliquement opposées*, *boueurs de sang*, and so on. In some places, at least during the hot summers of 1795 and 1796, France really was given over to headhunting, hired killers, *détachements de sauvages*, *cannibales*, *tribus*.

It was natural, then, faced with an African scene, some should have looked to Africa: others, referred back to the bloody days of the Ligue and of the *chevaliers*—des *Admirateurs de la chevalerie*—while "northern barbarians" were simply referred to by a grand name, simply

touche and Mandrin. The only possible guide, through the maze of coups d'état, conspiracies and class constitutions, is the varying fortunes of given individuals or groups, as they are buffeted by a rapid succession of table-turning, *régimes*, *complexes*, denunciations and condemnations; 1795 (*Nonante-Cha*) represents a collective revenge at 1793-94 (but it was not entirely class revenge, as the terrorists had avenged at least some of the 1793 victims of 1795. Each Year Three, Year Four, Year Five &c.—stands out in more or less clear contrast to its predecessor; the contrast is perhaps brought out in even starker terms as the years, in the calendar, close with the harvest and open with the vendanges—but favourable occasions for collective rejoicing, thus for collective violence, the pattern of each coming year generally being set by the events of Messidor, Thermidor and Fructidor, which, in the Years Two, Three and Four, witnessed the largest number of killings and the greatest mortality from epidemics.

If, even during the high tide of the Revolution, in the Year Two, it might have been possible for a few prudent, wise individuals to have remained uncommitted—they would even then have been running a great risk, indifference being the worst of crimes during a revolutionary period—in the two years that followed people were given little choice; they were liable to have intrinsigence forced upon them by the transience of others. A degree of militancy might, willy-nilly, be a form of self-preservation, a matter of survival. Individuals saw themselves deprived of their personalities and recruited into one or other of the contending tribes. It might simply be the way they dressed or spoke or the fact that they were thin or dark, had a certain hair style. 1795 was a terrible year for the poor in law and country, for a myriad small details of the previous regime, for old and for those living on the incomes, for mothers of large families; 1796 was rather worse, as well as being physically dangerous to anyone unfortunate enough to fall himself in public office. Once in office, there was no means, other than a medical certificate, of getting out of it; one is constantly amazed by the hosts of mayors, *notables* and so on who suffer from dropsy, consumption, rheumatism, as if the Year of the Years Four and Five had been converted into a lazaretto for the sick. In part of the south, public office was a invitation to lynching; even in the northern departments it might end abruptly in being thrown through a window by a crowd of infuriated women.

It is only possible to appreciate the complexities of the two periods in local terms—the only ones that matter at a time when the central authority was often powerless or sometimes non-existent; Thermidor in particular was anything but centralized, regime, power resided above all in departmental *députés*, in local pressure groups, in the Thermidorian Convention or something like a Dutch *Eerste Kamer*. General, a council of ambassadors with each *Représentant* supreme in his own area—to such an extent that men like Cadroy and Isard could organize the massacre of republicans with complete impunity, for months at a time. There was no Thermidorian regime, there were Thermidorian regimes. The Directory of a limited return to centralization; this would hardly have been apparent in most of the south-east and up the Rhône valley, to Lyons; in the local authorities, in the matters of the Year Three, and to the Harveys, Mitchells, account of France, 1750-1795) et son temps, Publication de l'Institut d'Etudes du Massif Central, Université de Clermont-Ferrand—Dr K. Tonnasson's *deuxième* of Paris in Year Two, and to the second volume of Dr. Fuoc's own *Etudes orléanaises*. The articles—only serve to emphasize the inadequacies of the two books.

There is, in short, a new and expanding public that wants to know something about Asian history—sixth formers, undergraduates, and all those others who are prepared to begin at the beginning with beginners' books. All four of these books are written for this public. As with China so with the rest of Asia. For some years after the withdrawal of European imperial power either cold war clichés, or generalities about developing countries, or assumptions about the character of "Asia", offered enough context for the news from that continent. But now all these countries are making their own history where before European powers made it for them. And to understand them today needs not only a view other than that of the old style district commissioner; it needs a knowledge of what happened before district commissioners ever arrived on the scene.

Mr. Jones's is the shortest book, though covering a long span of history, China, Japan and Korea form a unity—but why not include Vietnam?—and these three countries are neatly summed up, period by period, in sequence. By presenting it as one civilization we are reminded that, for all the wars and conquests all three countries have inflicted or suffered in the past eighty years, their future links could once again become significant; within European civilization over approximately the same period there have been as many divisive wars.

One could quarrel with some of Mr. Jones's generalizations; Buddhism as "the faith of the majority of the peoples of East Asia" is surely at least misleading in its use of the word faith, which conveys to the English reader a religious attitude that is not matched in East Asia. Here and there, as in his account of the Korean war, present events get out of balance with the perspective of the past; but all in all Mr. Jones

THE MAN WHO IS MAO

STUART SCHRAM: *Mao Tse-tung. Political Leaders of the Twentieth Century.* 351pp. 29 plates. Penguin. 7s. 6d.

Mao Tse-tung is certainly one of the most famous political figures of our time, yet he is also the least known. Until Mr. Schram's painstaking volume we did not have a study of the whole life of a man who is now in his seventy-fourth year and who has governed the world's largest nation for the best part of two decades. It is indicative of our difficulties in interpreting China that Mr. Schram, who is the only western scholar to have immersed himself almost exclusively in the life and work of Mao, has never met him and has never been to China.

It is a remarkable challenge to construct a portrait from such a distance, and Mr. Schram shows himself well able to meet it. His scrupulous attention to detail is particularly notable where he draws inferences from the differences between the original texts of Mao's writings and the doctored versions which have come out of Peking since the communists won power.

These differences are particularly illuminating in assessing Mao's views during the period 1925-27, when he was closer to the Kuomintang than to Stalin or to the official leadership of the Chinese Communist Party of the day. His qualified support for Chiang Kai-shek's Northern Expedition is now omitted from the official biographies, and yet it constitutes important evidence of the strength of Mao's nationalism.

This is one of Mr. Schram's main theses, and one which he does not in any way overstate. When his school in Changsha played the Yale-China Preparatory School at soccer, Mao was heard to shout from the sidelines: "Beat the slaves of foreigners". In 1923 he wrote, in that vein of Rabenaltian sarcasm which he cultivated to the embarrassment of foreign visitors, "If one of our foreign masters falls, it is a lovely perfume".

The final manifestation of this strong feeling of nationalism is the

new argument of recent years by Mao and his disciples that the revolutionary torch has made a racial and geographical translation to the under-developed world. "It is clear," Mr. Schram declares, "that Mao does not have the slightest confidence in the willingness of the people or even of the proletariat either in the Soviet Union or in the advanced countries of Europe and America to risk their own tranquillity in order to support the struggles of their less fortunate fellow men in Asia and Africa."

This could scarcely be further from the basic principles of Marxism.

Mr. Schram writes convincingly of the very Chinese quality of Mao's "double pretension to uniqueness and to universality" in commending the example of his own revolution to the oppressed of other countries.

A parallel theme in this biography is that of Mao as a romantic and a voluntarist, and of his "unquenchable desire to harmonize the two conflicting imperatives of 'conscious action' by individuals and impeccable social discipline". The key to Mao's permanent revolution, to the Great Leap Forward and to the campaign and purges culminating in the present upheaval throughout China, is Mao's refusal to compromise between these two contradictory goals.

Mr. Schram suggests that Mao failed to understand that a certain questioning attitude is an integral part of modern culture. Chinese policy since 1949 can thus be expressed as the "progressive exaltation of the human will over the rational analysis of the facts".

This trait of Mao's had become very evident by the early 1930s, when he was criticized by the Party leadership (including Chou En-lai, at that time his senior) for placing too much reliance on *éléments déclarés*, including bandits and secret society members, in his guerrilla army. This faith in the human will was perhaps best expressed in a breath-taking passage of a book on his philosophy published in Peking in 1958:

There is only unproductive thought,

east Asian civilization or as the late Victor Purcell does for treating south-east Asia as a unity; quoting numerous authorities Purcell even includes haruspicy and respect for the number seven, both of them surely so general as to be meaningless. Indeed, one other factor lurking in the background for all these non-Asian historians, giving definition to the areas they write about, is the division between those parts of Asia that were brought under western rule and those that escaped it.

Mr. North has the easiest task in presenting one country in the shortest historical perspective, though he wisely sets his starting point far enough back to catch Macartney refusing to kowtow and Lin Tse-hsu confronting the opium traders with Confucian sternness. Of his eight chapters seven take the story of China's Communist Party's capture of power up to 1949; the last chapter only looks at the motives of Mao Tse-tung and his team, now isolated from the world communist movement by their battle with the Russians.

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there are no unproductive regions. There are only poor methods of cultivating the land, there is no such thing as poor land. Provided only that people manifest in full measure their subjective capacities for action, it is possible to modify natural conditions.

Mao's optimism and strategic instinct served the Chinese Communists well in the 1930s, when the more "rational" policies of Chou and the others would have led them to disaster. But the qualities that make for successful revolution are not those which secure sound peace-time administration and national reconstruction.

It is a pity that Mr. Schram is not able to give us a picture of the man himself. The bare details are given of Mao's four wives and of his son who was killed in the Korean war, but the passion which cries out in Mao's poems suggests that there is much more which we ought to know about the private life and thoughts of this contemporary hero. Mr. Schram makes good use of the poems in his narrative, though his translations are pedestrian compared with those, for example, of Michael Huttlock and Dr. Jerome Ch'en.

The maps and photographs in this small book are excellent. The early portraits of Mao capture his youthful beauty and one can see in them the femininity of which Agnes Smedley wrote after meeting him in Yenan.

One small blemish is Mr. Schram's reference to China's steel production as having attained a level two or three times that of India's. This is a myth which arose from the exaggerated claims of the Great Leap Forward, and it ought to be noted. The best estimate of Chinese crude steel production in 1965, the last full year for which estimates are available, seems to be between 9 and 10 million tons. The comparable figure for India is well over 6 million tons, and so the performance of these two countries, measured in terms of production per head of population, is roughly comparable.

RED IN THE EAST

ROBERT C. NORTH: *Chinese Communism.* 256pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson: World University Library. 12s. 6d.
F. C. JONES: *The Far East.* A Concise History. 183pp. Pergamon Press. 12s. 6d.
VICTOR PURCELL: *South and East Asia since 1800.* 228pp. Cambridge University Press. 25s.
C. P. FITZGERALD: *A Concise History of East Asia.* 310pp. Heinemann. £2 2s.

The emergence of a communist government in China in 1949 changed the world balance of power—or so it was everywhere assumed at the time. If such views are still held they would not rest on the communist alliance that then spread across so threatening a mass of the Eurasian heartland, but on the speed with which China now looks like developing her nuclear armory, coupled with her isolation and her intransigence towards almost everyone but the Albanians.

As with China so with the rest of Asia. For some years after the withdrawal of European imperial power either cold war clichés, or generalities about developing countries, or assumptions about the character of "Asia", offered enough context for the news from that continent. But now all these countries are making their own history where before European powers made it for them. And to understand them today needs not only a view other than that of the old style district commissioner; it needs a knowledge of what happened before district commissioners ever arrived on the scene.

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Aside from Mr. North's study of the rise of communism in China, a history that needs to be studied to learn how thoroughly Chinese was the party that came to power in 1949, the other three books cover different regions and periods. Inevitably they raise the question how Asia should best be divided up for study if the meaning of present events is to be understood—by geographical regions as these titles appear to suggest? by regions of distinctive civilization, as Mr. Jones rightly claims for his region? by ethnic, cultural or linguistic affinities? Some of the writers set out the case for the area they are dealing with as Mr. Jones does for

east Asian civilization or as the late Victor Purcell does for treating south-east Asia as a unity; quoting numerous authorities Purcell even includes haruspicy and respect for the number seven, both of them surely so general as to be meaningless. Indeed, one other factor lurking in the background for all these non-Asian historians, giving definition to the areas they write about, is the division between those parts of Asia that were brought under western rule and those that escaped it.

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does a very efficient job. He picks out the important features of each Chinese dynasty, offers a compact introduction to Korea, and is always sure-footed among the intricacies of the Japanese past.

Definitions are readjusted by Mr. Fitzgerald's book. *A Concise History of East Asia* does not confine itself to that area of civilization, though Mr. Fitzgerald certainly recognizes it as such; his book adds south-east Asia as well, without explanation, though possibly on the argument that now and in the future it is East Asia, and especially China, that is going to matter to south-east Asia. It certainly seems probable that power emanating from the east Asian zone, whether political or economic, will be much more dominant than anything coming from south Asia, even that quarter the Indian tide reached its highwater mark in south-east Asia in millennium ago and does not look like rising again in the foreseeable future.

Purcell wrote as a retired colonial civil servant, and he described his book as written for south-east Asians, and from a Malaysian standpoint. In his case, while the broader definitions of his title *South and East Asia* serve to embrace the whole continent, he groups south-east Asia—into which he devotes most space—with south Asia rather than with east Asia as Mr. Fitzgerald does. His book has the admirable purpose of giving the colonial era its proper historical setting. The result nevertheless remains somewhat shapeless. The other three books are well adjusted to the short or to the vast historical range; Purcell's book finds it harder to strike a balance and blurs the outlines with too many facts.

The maps in Victor Purcell's and Robert North's books are useful and informative; so are the illustrations that illuminate Mr. North's study of modern Chinese history. For those who think China is the power that will matter most in the Asia of the future, Mr. Fitzgerald's calm judgment and acute historical sense for the present as well as the past can be strongly recommended.

CAMBRIDGE

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THE SANITY OF MADNESS

JAMES GILLRAY: *Fashionable Contrasts*. Introduced and annotated by Draper Hill. 184pp. including 101 plates. Phaidon Press. £2 19s. 6d.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Gillray the caricaturist who resides at St. James's Street, attempted to throw himself out of the attic story. There being from him his head got jammed. One is hardly surprised. Gillray's last days are a fitting ending. For a glance at the plates of this sumptuous picture-book, with its authoritative introduction by Mr. Draper Hill, makes one aware of a mania controlled by not by iron bars but by metal—the eider's needle and plate. James Gillray, the founder in this country of the political cartoon, possessed the sanity and clarity of vision of a madman—luckily for his times and us he was able to express it. Vicariousness and licentiousness are portrayed as if the protagonists—Pitt, Napoleon, Fox—are as controlled by iron bars as the caricaturist is himself. Invisibly they imprison the actors within the scene as they prevent Gillray from tearing further at their features. No wonder his fingers habitually bled from being cut by the burr thrown up by his etching needle. For Gillray is so heavily engaged that when the cruel features of Fox are revealed, as in the cartoon of that worn-out patriot delivering his dying speech, it is the eyes of the caricaturist with their bottled-up misery that appear thinly veiled by the hideous busyness of the brows.

The world is a crowded place, and in the interests of distortion as of truth, all must be shown. Napoleon at table, surrounded by the naked and beautifully spherical but strangely uninviting breasts of court ladies, receives a divine intimation of approaching disaster. And Gillray is so involved that it is a matter of necessity, with the same equality of temper, to depict each grape, each facet on a pineapple, as carefully as objects in an inventory which also

contains nipples, the stones of necklaces, the Emperor and his eagle. In the maniacal fidelity to detail, the horrors of indiscriminate detail which congest the cartoons, one longs sometimes for space, either for the actuality of space or for the suggestion of it by means of a reasoned proportion. And then—in an excellent section of plates devoted to Royalty—one gets just this. In these drawings, particularly of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, there is placidity and an ease of grouping. Detail is still there, but no longer rampant, tamed now by strength of design. Gillray seems to have been infinitely soothed by Mrs. Fitzherbert, and her secret marriage to the Prince of Wales is almost made holy by her denatured deportment. Although we are reminded by the disarray in the accompanying plate, "The morning after Marriage," how temporary and artificial this demureness would have been—the domesticated shadow at the vast interior of the bed reduces the detail of a half-adjusted stocking to neat proportion.

There is nobility too, an exotic grace and lyricism in the extraordinary drawings caricaturing contemporary fashions. These aquatints are surrealist fantasies and seem to belong in their extravagance to the topsyturvy of our own times, bird-like, dream-like. And then, "Visiting the Sick," one returns to the ugly and the vicious—not least among them a harpy partly covering her upper nakedness with a crucifix and uttering by means of an upright scroll climbing mockingly heavenwards. "Do confess your sins Charlie, do take advice from an old abbe." Pictorial journalism . . . Only journalism, one might say.

Yet as Mr. Hill tells us the analyses for the most part the cartoonist's life and times and

working techniques rather than his art) Gillray, who studied at the Royal Academy schools, remains always an artist. Astonishingly he does, and sometimes he presents himself as a great one. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his parody of Benjamin Wolfe's "Death of Wolfe" (Pitt as Wolfe). It is as if a tennis racket had been restrung, it now for service. West's flabby forms and meandering compositional lines—a woolliness of cloud as of sentiment—have been tautened by Gillray into a compact and brilliantly silhouetted mass set back within the picture plane to reveal at a glance a situation of intensity—detailed but untrammelled by detail.

But there is always bitterness. One misses the warmth running like quicksilver through the side-lines of a Hogarth. One misses the rumbustious playfulness that softens the irony in Rowlandson. How much, one wonders, was this due to an upbringing at a Moravian school where the Brethren propounded a doctrine based on the worthlessness and depravity of man, disease being welcome as offering a swift escape to death? These poor afflicted characters of the drawings, with their pockmarks and carbuncles and their frightful bandages, appear gloated over without a shred of pity.

Gillray's influence on cartoonists and satirists, here and abroad, was great—presumably on Daumier and Guys, on Cruikshank and Low (George III the prototype of Colonel Blimp?) and on Vicki. But when one studies the enlargements of details which are an important feature of this richly annotated book, when one is confronted by the full roundness of an eye, the terror behind the vitality of a face's mask—one thinks too of the furious brush-marks, not so unlike an etcher's, in the late self-portraits of that other manic depressive who surveyed himself and his life as if through iron bars—Van Gogh.

BUILDING FOR THE PRINCE

TERENCE DAVIS: *John Nash, The Prince Regent's Architect*. 115pp. Country Life. Distributed by Newnes. £3 10s.

Some six years ago Terence Davis published his *Architecture of John Nash*, which he modestly described as a collection of photographs of all, or nearly all, Nash's buildings then surviving. As such it has proved most useful. Mr. Davis then admitted that interest in his subject had been inspired by Sir John Summerson's *John Nash, Architect to King George IV*, which first appeared in 1935. Indeed this work, to which Mr. Davis pays generous tribute, is still unsurpassed.

John Nash, *The Prince Regent's Architect*, is less a supplement to than a textual amplification of the author's previous publication. It contains frequent reference to illustrations in the earlier book which it is therefore essential for the reader to have at hand. This anomaly and the occasional lack of reference in the text to those illustrations which are included cause the only valid criticism of a production in all other respects admirable. The photographs are clear, and the captions suitably arranged. The figure drawings and plans are all that can be desired.

If Sir John Summerson thirty years ago placed John Nash on the map, so to speak, Mr. Davis now pins him there for all time. In his enthusiasm for the Prince Regent's architect, Mr. Davis does not spoil his case by fulsome eulogy. On the contrary he does not overlook Nash's glaring demerits. At times, he is almost too severe about his classical solecisms. "He never really understood the Orders, or, if he did, he rarely applied them correctly. . . . True, Nash has always been criticized for casualness. But when he did try, he could be as correct as any contemporary architect, and often a good deal more inventive. His Ionic fronts of Southgate Grove, even those of Cumberland Terrace and York Gate, Regent's Park, he handled this Order best of the five—are impeccable and imaginative. It is Nash's classical which invariably disappoints. Experience proves that the real things never look so artificial, aerial, and fabulous as they do on paper, especially in contemporary engravings which skillfully enhance their romantic settings. The reason is not Nash's ignorance of

medieval architecture, because his fantasies claim relation with true Gothic no more than do operatic performances to everyday life. It is on the contrary the absence of those qualities which delight us in the engravings, namely poetry and make-believe. Nash's castles are in actuality dumpy, subliminary, and usually covered with very unsympathetic Roman cement. Their creator simply lacked the rococo touch when he turned to the gothicick style.

His most remarkable architectural venture was the Italianate villa style. Here he was unquestionably original and successful. Cronhill near Shrewsbury combines in its disparate but happily blended masses, high round and low square towers linked by a rectangular block and colonnade, dignity with impudence, the Classical with the Picturesque. For Nash was the child of his age, an age moving from Augustan regularity to Waverley empiricism, enlivened by Byronic bravado and panache.

Yet Nash's genius lay in urban landscaping. In fashioning Regent's Park and linking it to Carlton House after 1812 he was breaking away from the formal street layout of straight lines and squares. He introduced crescents and curves. Here he found full scope for combining the Picturesque doctrines which he had picked up in middle age with the Classical dogmas on which he had been nurtured. His scope was all the more real because by 1803 he had freed himself from partnership with Robert Adam, who had been entirely satisfactory, since Robert had found himself as good an architect as landscape painter, and Nash probably knew himself to be a better landscape painter than architect. The Regent's Park scheme and the Regent Street development were fraught with obstacle and difficulties which would have daunted a man of lesser resilience than Nash. He overcame them, and his combination of architecture and landscape remained until the 1920s one of the greatest metropolitan achievements of any country or age.

Nash's genius was limited. His talents were immense and diverse. He displayed them horribly. Always in a rush, in one year he travelled 11,000 miles and spent £1,500 in chaise hire—he shockingly neglected his business affairs. His enthusiasms ran away with his discretion so that he undertook more commissions than he could properly fulfil. Failure merely spurred him to recovery and to further ambitions. His personality was provocative, but his good nature disarming. "I have your figure before my eyes," he wrote breathlessly to John Soane, who had expressed measured disapproval of his building methods at Buckingham Palace, a thin black shadow standing on the foundation walls of the new arcade, with arms folded contemplating the mode of laying bricks. On that I had leisure for such contemplation, and that some friend could describe my thick, squat, dwarf figure, with round head, snub nose, and little eyes, in such an act of contemplation; but I must be set flying.

And off he went at a tangent upon yet another commission. The pellets of his critics glanced off him. Had he heeded them he might have been a rather better architect than he was.

LONDON CHURCHES

BASIL F. L. CLARKE: *Parish Churches of London*. 312pp. Batsford. £6 6s.

Nearly thirty years ago the Reverend Basil Clarke's *Church Builders of the 19th Century* opened many eyes to the quality of Victorian churches. "No longer," he writes, "is some one who takes interest in churches of any date regarded as odd or precious." His new guide, in the steps of T. Francis Bumpus, describes some 500 London churches ("this has inevitably meant including a good deal that is of no particular interest"). The text is in large print; the 200 photographs are useful for identification but do not give much spatial impression, and there are some surprising omissions. Churches are grouped into pre-G.L.C. London parishes. North of the river "there is a tradition of evangelism"; Islington churches "where vicars refused to preach in surplices"; South of the river there is "cheeriness and parish communion"; much post-Blitz restoration and rebuilding. London has survivals from earlier times: St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, owe their existence to restorations by (among others) Dance, Thomas Hardwick, Aston Webb, I'Anson and Pearson. Wren's remaining churches, also frequently restored, are more appreciated than in Bumpus's day. Hawksmoor's, alas, face a precarious future. There are "decent, sober, Georgian churches" like St. George's, Southwark; Flitcroft's St. Giles-in-the-Fields more often passed by than visited; churches, usually locked, like St. James, Clerkenwell.

About as much detail is given as in Dr. Pevsner's two London guides, though these include churches of all denominations; but there is rather more than in Collins's *Parish Churches*. The author has the edge on Dr. Pevsner with his comments, in the manner of Bumpus, on past doctrinal arguments. St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, for instance, was the scene of Percy Dearmer's liturgical reforms which set a fashion for whitewashing brick walls, English altars, plain song and folksong. At Christchurch, Cosway Street, the bishop refused to hold a confirmation service unless the vicar removed his beard. Pew-openers at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens, were once "male attendants in white ties, bearded like Broad Churchmen, but smiling seraphically." Lord Shaftesbury would rather have "worshipped with Lydia on the banks of the river than with a hundred surpliced priests at St. Barnabas, Pimlico." No one was quite sure what he meant.

The parliamentary Acts of 1818 and 1824 began a wave of church building. The Commissioners' churches, it was hoped, would restrain Londoners from the excesses of the Paris model. But the majority of Basil Clarke's 500 churches were built after 1837, many from funds raised by the militant bishops, Blomfield and Tait, and other sources noted in the introduction. It is tempting to use the guide for planning a tour to convert the scoffer at post-1837 churches "Alas—smirk—you must be a friend of Mr. Betjeman." Surely he would appreciate the quality of St. Cyriac's, Clarence Gate, Bodley's Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road ("everything fits in"), Pearson's St.

Augustine's, Kilburn. Fellowes Prynne's unfinished All Saints, West Dulwich; recognize the craftsmanship in Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, or St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens; admire the rich spread of Victorian glass at St. Margaret's, Lee. He might even admit the strange fascination of Buckton Lamb's St. Martin's, Gospel Oak, a sort of *eglise englobée* inside on a dark afternoon. Lamb was "the despair" of those nineteenth-century church-crawlers the Ecclesiologists, whose acid comments are often quoted in the text.

If Mr. Betjeman is Madeira some times laced with Ovaltine, Mr. Basil Clarke is a very dry sherry. He never guesses. "Rather a pleasant little church"; "Quite a worshipping atmosphere"; "Tall and cool" (of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street) is high praise. "Rather sinister," he writes of a Teulon church; "Difficult to describe, it needs to be seen," of Chester Cheston Inc.'s St. Mark's, Dalston, with stained glass in the roof. Two new churches he describes—St. Paul's, Bow Common, and St. Paul's, Lorrington Square—have already found their way into less specialized London guides. His notes are also a reminder of the art of nineteenth-century glaziers, Hardman, Clayton and Bell, Kempe, and the craft of Hems and Martin Travens which the camera has not yet properly recorded; also of the number of fonts, pulpits and organs dispersed from City churches to the suburbs. Conversely, St. Peter's, Deptford, has a Victorian font transferred from Rochester Cathedral.

The guide ends with a short interesting list of church architects. This helps to distinguish between the various Scotts, Hawksells and Wyllys and shows a continuity of church building from Dance to Lutyens. For example, Dollman (1812-1900), "the last of a good old school," was a pupil of Dance and employed by Basil's Woodsey, a pupil of Butterfield, "lived as a country gentleman, belonged to no societies, wrote nothing and would not allow his designs to be published." Thomas Ham (1830-1900) was the first to use the adjective "Victorian." Sir Gilbert Scott's favourite church for worldly was unexpectedly All Saints, Chelsea. These architects were long lived. St. Ninian Comper (1864-1960) made a statement which some of his contemporaries might have heeded: "the purpose of a church is not to express the age in which it was built or the individuality of its designer, but to move to worship."

Though vast sums were raised there were never enough churches for nineteenth-century Londoners. With a radical change in (Anglican) social and church-going habits it is idle to pretend that those that remain are ever likely to be filled.

The author does not deal with the problem of London's redundant churches, but he points out that their ranks are thinning every year. Eastlake, wrote in 1872 that there were London suburbs "where the buildings stood no more chance of being visited by people of taste than if they were in Kanabekta." The new guide should encourage ecologists to go and see this remarkable and diverse collection of buildings while they are still there.

DEALER'S DIARY

RENÉ GIMPEL: *Diary of an Art Dealer*. Translated by John Rosenberg. 465pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3 10s.

Diary of an Art Dealer, reviewed in the TLS when it first appeared in French in 1963, now appears in a fluent English translation by John Rosenberg. René Gimpele (1891-1945), inherited a picture-dealing business from his father and was fortunate in becoming, through family connections, a trusted adviser by American museums and collectors during the period when they entered the market in a big way. He was the brother-in-law of Duveen, competitor of the Seligmanns, Bernheims, Knoeders and Wildenstein. But he had a sharper intellect, a broader culture and a wider range of taste than most of his competitors. Gimpele reveals himself as being very much a gentleman in life and business, but this did not prevent him from being an astute observer of human nature.

Everything interested him and he recorded in his diary his impressions of everybody he met, conversations in which he took part and gossip he heard, his views on exhibitions he visited, his information about the activities of other dealers and whatever he knew about the prices paid for works of art of all kinds. His diary is thus a valuable period document which tells a great deal about happenings in the international art market between 1918 and 1939 and the personalities involved (museum directors, collectors, industrialists, snobs and the newly rich) on both sides of the Atlantic; about the manoeuvres of power, lust and "experts" like Berenson—a "Klein Pole" who "let his beard grow to cover up the fact that he is only half a man"—Friedländer and Heinemann; and about shifts in taste and the sudden transformation of value resulting from technological innovations. This is a thoroughly readable

and, wherever one dips into it, enjoyable volume, which contributes greatly to our historical awareness of a comparatively recent period and contains much information of specialized interest to art historians.

A number of important catalogues of famous collections of paintings have appeared in the past few decades and though some of them contain discussion of artists, styles and chronology, Marie-Louise von Laun's *Die Stiehl'sche Sammlung und ihre Künstler in Spätklassik und Antik* (Verlag der Kunst, 100 plates, Baden-Baden, 1965) is one of the best. It is a book to devote full attention to, the results of a lengthy study of the paintings of the Stiehl collection, which are of a remarkably high quality, matching the beauty of the small masterpieces of classical art.

Fiction

CONNECTING

DAVID PIPER: *Trial by Battle*. 192pp. Collins. 21s.

Christopher Isherwood, too young for the First World War, has written that he felt dismay at missing "the Test"—and bought a motor cycle to frighten himself with. There is a strong tendency, in even the most peaceful men, to think of war as a test of manhood. David Piper's second war novel (originally published pseudonymously as by "Peter Towry" in 1959) chooses jungle-fighting against the Japanese as his ordeal. Alan Mart, his hero or victim, is of a kind once very common in English fiction, quiet, civil, sensitive, questioning but obedient. Evidently from a public school, he has since been to Cambridge, and almost forgotten the necessity to conform, and to emulate more sturdy, spontaneous males. Learning the ropes again, Alan is almost as self-critical as L. P. Hartley's Eustace.

Set in charge of Indian troops, he develops a Fosterian emotional link with a fellow-officer, Sam Holl, whose instruction and example he feels bound to follow: it is a Wilcox-Schlegel relationship. Holl, who is stupid and athletic, seems to Alan to represent the norm; yet, surely, he is in fact very eccentric, even for the army, angrily astonished at so conventional a remark as Alan's disingenuous claim to be a "devout coward". Holl's words and actions seem more noteworthy than those of Alan, who is so interested in his own deviations from the officer pattern. Like the principal characters in the military novels of Waugh and Anthony Powell, he lacks definition, so that one suspects that the other ranks would think of him as a very ordinary officer, more forgettable than most.

The narrative is handled with a poetic care, grace and over-modesty, characteristic of the writers of the Second World War. Frank Kermode's introduction is right in drawing attention to the book's "shape", even though it may detract from the importance of its content. The events described—the shooting of strangers, the frying of tank-crews—are too frightful, a younger generation may, be left to the decent, understandable reticence of those who went through with this ordeal.

SIDE-TRACK

ALBERTINE SARRAZIN: *La Traversière*. 283pp. Paris: Pauvert. 16.95fr.

Traversière. Anything used for the purpose of crossing or traversing sideways. *Nonveau Petit Larousse*, laconic, tells us in a line nearly as much about Albertine Sarrazin's life as 280 pages of large nicely-spaced print. But without poetry. Evidently this title, with its myriad meanings, extends, varies, repeats the tale in two earlier books. (*L'Astragale*, *La Cavale*, Pauvert 1965.) Will not the "Side Road" add a dimension to the "Anklebone" and the "Break"? Not yet. Not quite. It remains a side-road, full of charm but still going crossways, leading nowhere much.

Her busy ballpoint, racing to keep up with her alert amused eye, whizzes us—delighted, it must be said—through her legal and less-legal shifts after release from prison, and waiting for her husband's release: her struggle to make a home, something more than a squallid hideout with an ex-pat from the jug; her extremely funny shots at earning a living, as a provincial journalist ("On the Trail of the Cathar's Treasure") and as a Prunelle-spiral—unpleasantly, in fact, the frantic craving, stealing and drinking of whisky; the humiliation and the tears.

A home. She finds a house in the Cévennes, on a narrow strip of barely fertile ground among the rocks called, locally, a *traversière*. We can admire again the rapid vivid language, the barbed phrase and the genuinely poetic use of slang. And her humility, her charity—her words on being a child of L'Assistance Publique are much more than just acid. Perhaps the most striking thing about Mme. Sarrazin is this: extremely rare combination: the deprived child and the accomplished original, seen with no false pity; and the writer of genuine imaginative talent. But when will she give us a real novel?

SIN AND IT

MARIO SOLDATI: *La Busta Arancione*. 327pp. Milan: Mondadori. L.2,200.

Mario Soldati, one of the most gifted of all living Italian story-tellers, only writes by fits and starts. Though he has given us wry masterpieces such as *La Giacca Verde* and *Il Vero Silvestro*, surely among the best long short stories in the world, the cinema and other profitable avocations have laid a heavy hand on him. He has come and gone, all over Europe and America. Even in Italy he has not easily kept the same abode. Rome, which now dominates all the other Italian cities, was in some way a forced exile from his native Turin. He is not then Piedmontese to annex Turin, but he is a Turin man. To these Alpine people with their military and even feudal traditions Rome is foreign. He has stayed for years even now in Turin's export of army officers has given place to Fiat cars. In *Le Due Città*, which appeared some twelve months ago, Signor Soldati compared the two cities, and Rome did not come off best. He is now away from the sprawl of the capital, and the publication of two books at such a short interval may suggest that he has returned to literature.

In *La Busta Arancione* (The Orange Envelope) we are back at the strange, dreamy enchantment of the early stories. Carlo Felice, the protagonist, was born into one of those well-off stuffy families of Turin which in some ways recall those of provincial France (the stuffiness is less—like that of Moravia's bourgeois of Rome than, say, Mauriac's Bordeaux). Carlo's father disappeared at an early age—he was a gay dog, a *moreno* killed in a railway accident. The mother is a *Gondrux* and a prize bigot. The worst thing about her husband's death was that he was found sharing his sleeping car with another woman and so departed this life in a state of mortal sin. This gives Carlo's mother classic grounds for warning her son against women, those "occasions of sin", and equally classic grounds for nurturing a mildly incestuous attitude to him—involved ways of kissing him of which the psychiatrists would not approve.

WOUNDING QUESTIONS

ROBERT SHAW: *The Man in the Glass Booth*. 221pp. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Robert Shaw has written a novel about the Nazi persecution of the Jews, without seeming trivial, caustic or self-righteous. He is an actor, much admired for his performance in strong, shallow roles (as a hard corporal or ship's officer), perhaps less so for his hearty posting in television discussion panels. His novel is in a way, a by-product of his talent for mimicry and self-dramatization, and it is no surprise that there are already plans for turning it into a play. What is surprising is that his bold, brutal strokes have created something so fair-minded and sensitive.

A casual reader will not accept this judgment if he opens the book at random and comes across this, for example, from Mr. Shaw's account of proceedings against a suspected war criminal:

Kill one of my men and you died a thousand deaths. Some Dutch Jew tried it. Hear what happened? Stuff their balls in their mouths—burn their feet off—burn the breasts of their babies—something like that. Whatever you're in the mood for. Ask for a bit of imagination, demand it, anybody's right. Favs the hat!

The technique Mr. Shaw has used, to enable him to handle this almost impossible material, is to present most of the action and argument in the words of the principal character, Arthur Goldman, a wealthy, eccentric New York Jew; his witty, painful ranting and sick wheezers seek to relieve the narrator of excessive responsibility. The other characters exist only as witnesses, perplexed and appalled, of his extraordinary behaviour.

Most British readers will find Mr. Shaw's dialogue convincing. New Yorkers may judge the accuracy of his ear, and how truthfully he reflects their feelings about the European disaster. At a time when so much of the best fiction is written by American Jews, it is rash for an Englishman to challenge them on their own ground. Several have already found ways to express the dreadful fascina-

tion which the Nazi phenomenon holds for them: possibly Robert Shaw has read Irvin Faust's short story, "Jake Bluffstein and Adolph Hitler"—a frightening anecdote about a New York Jew going mad, learning to love and emulate the dead Führer.

Sensible Gentiles usually keep quiet when Jews ask each other wounding questions. Were the leaders of European Jewry weak and temporizing—or is this suggestion heartlessly impudent? Are the Jews of South Africa collaborators with racism? Should Jews feel vengeance towards Germany, and were the Israelis wrong to kidnap and punish Eichmann? Can Jews feel like Nazis? Arthur Goldman's enigmatic talk is riddled with these questions.

The plot-line poses another set. Is Goldman what he seems to be—a Jew neurotically obsessed with Hitler's Germany—or is he really a Nazi war criminal disguised as a Jew? Or is he a Jew pretending to be a German pretending to be a Jew? Rather as the old playwrights implied sexual complexities through the medium of a boy-actor playing a girl disguised as a boy, so the triple aspect of Arthur Goldman is used by Mr. Shaw to deal with the equivalent mysteries of power and subversion. The facts are finally disclosed when Goldman, kidnapped by Israeli revengeurs, stands in "the glass booth", that transparent, bullet-proof dock they used for Eichmann. Even so, there are more questions to ask. Is he a great Jew, the saviour of the world, or is he a vainglorious, insensitive fool, maddened with spiritual pride? No answer is offered. The actor who wrote the novel has "got inside" the part of Arthur Goldman and presents him for consideration and encounter, without passing judgment. This ambitious novel is like a drama (starring Zero Mostel, perhaps) and achieves its aim by the exercise of tact, in a field where this quality is least to be anticipated.

FASCIST FACTS

MARIO TORINO: *The Underground*. 419pp. Heinemann. £2 2s.

Novels on recent history, written by survivors of great events, are almost inevitably judged in the first place for their documentary value. From this point of view Mario Torino's fictional account of the Italian resistance in Viareggio, from the July, 1943, collapse of Fascism onwards, is well worth having. He was there and took part in it: he sets down the various forms that anti-fascism took in characters, ranging from young Marxist dockers to an aristocratic monarchist admiral, describes the first ardent, ingenious attempts to fight back at the Germans, link up with the Allies and, perhaps above all, feel human and free; and in looking back on motives, attitudes and feelings that must now seem remote and in some cases embarrassing he seems to have an honest, unclouded eye and the kind of humanity that can find what is good in the most disparate motives and admit that even the blackest fascist villain may "die well". His book

is long, with a complex number of characters and subplots, and it says a good deal for his skill with plot and motive and personality that the reader never loses track of who's who or confuses what is happening. *The Underground* is a sound, well-built novel with the old-fashioned skill; above all, it gives the facts. It seems strange, though, that it won so important a literary prize as the Premio Strega. Admittedly, it has suffered a good deal in translation: this American version reads very awkwardly, the translator having taken the Italian sentence structure, syntax, occasional rhetoric and whole style and manner much too literally, so that one has to peer through some pretty unreadable English. Even allowing for this, and a large allowance must be made, it seems a rather middling choice in a country where imaginative writing is in a fine state of talented upheaval. Still, the award was made in 1962 and much has happened since then.

SLAP AND PICKLE

IVAN C. KARP: *Doobie Do*. 206pp. Heinemann. 21s.

Sensitive schoolteacher Clarissa Chutney or lush art-girl Audrey Tumarkin? Miss Chutney ought to have prior claim because it was she who met Maynard Riccield on the ferry-boat and introduced him to Audrey, but curvilinear Tumarkin knows they are the best pickles for cold cuts. Maynard, who works in a New York harpsichord factory, cannot choose between the friends, so has them both, unbeknown to each other, three nights a week each, with one night's solitary rest if he's lucky.

Such a comic *donnée* could not be older, nor is Ivan Karp's wise-cracking, somewhat arch, take-off idiom particularly original. The sub-plot about Irving (Mocky) Melman, who

finds it more profitable to have his hosiery shop used by Izzy Grubfield for big-time book-keeping than to sell a few pairs of stockings, is a schmalzy distraction from the theme, in spite of the two neat tie-ups at the end. Everything from the temperamental and sexual differences between the girls to Maynard's bed techniques could be as boring as they are tasteless, but *Doobie Do* has a kind of relentless *clon* and jollity which just save it. The clutch and party pattern of husband-seeking bachelor girl and wife-avoiding bachelor boy is nicely reproduced. Provided you don't mind being told where to laugh it turns out to be quite a funny moral-immortal tale of life and times in an American city.

Edward Caddick

HANNAH AND THE PEACOCKS

"In the dark of the year one hardly expects to run up against anything as good as *Hannah and the Peacocks*, which would hold its own in the brightest week of the season's height. . . . A truly novelistic quality." *Norman Shrapnel, Guardian*. "The makings of a fine style and acute understanding." *Elizabeth Berridge, Daily Telegraph*. "Agreeable and readable." *Richard Lister, Evg. Standard*. Just out, 30s.

Ralph Ellison

SHADOW AND ACT

A provocative collection of essays by the author of the widely acclaimed *Invisible Man*, covering literature and folk lore, Negro musical expression—especially jazz and the blues—and the complex relationship between Negro American culture and North American culture as a whole. "Extremely intelligent, readable and enlightening." *Michael Billington, Birmingham Post*. Just out, 42s.

Other January books

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SECKER & WARBURG

VOICES IN SOUTH AFRICA'S LONG DARK NIGHT

HELEN JOSEPH: *Tomorrow's Sun. A Smuggled Journal from South Africa. 302pp. Hutchinson. 35s.* The *Jail Diary of Abbie Sachs. 285pp. Harvill Press. 30s.* MARY BENSON: *South Africa: The Struggle for a Birthright. 314pp. Penguin. 8s. 6d.* ALEX HEPPLE: *South Africa. A Political and Economic History. 282pp. Pall Mall Press. £2. 5s.* DENIS AUSTIN: *Britain and South Africa. 191pp. Oxford University Press. 35s.* *Southern Africa in Transition. Edited by John A. Davis and James K. Baker. 427pp. Pall Mall Press. £1.*

South Africa is rapidly reaching the stage where those outside the country know more about what is really happening than those inside. Of six important books recently published in Britain four will definitely be banned in South Africa and a fifth will be lucky to escape the censors. The government is becoming increasingly zealous in preventing voters from learning facts which might undermine their firm belief that they are helping to maintain Christian civilization in the face of the subtle but powerful onslaught of "Communism and Liberalism".

Helen Joseph has written a book which should certainly be read by those seeking information which has not previously been generally available. More than one-third of her chronicle is a straightforward account of the plight of people banished for their opposition to government policy. Men, women and children have, over the years, been sent from their homes to remote areas hundreds of miles away and there left to fend for themselves. Mrs. Joseph, as soon as she was acquitted in the Treason Trial, set off on an 8,000-mile journey to find these people, many of whom had not been heard of for years. What she has to tell is shattering; there is, for example, the story of the man, his whereabouts unknown to his wife, who had lived nine years in banishment becoming crippled and living on a government allowance of £2 7s. 6d. every second month. He finally dragged himself some 500 miles home and died before he could tell his wife what had happened. "There was little," writes Mrs. Joseph, "that we could say to this lonely woman; words have no meaning in the face of such a story."

Mrs. Joseph's book is valuable not only because it makes plain for all to see one of the least known yet most sordid fruits of white supremacy but also for what it tells, unconsciously, of the author's own quality as a person. If white South Africans could read this book they too, surely, would begin to realize that the real threat to Christian civilization is not Mrs. Joseph but the government which placed her, without trial, under

house-arrest and prevented her from receiving anybody in her home for five years. Indeed by publishing this book Mrs. Joseph has violated her banning orders and is liable, if Mr. Vorster sees fit, to imprisonment.

The nature of that imprisonment has been brilliantly described by Abbie Sachs, the young lawyer whose jail diary of 168 days in solitary confinement without any charge being laid against him is one of the very few of the current deluge of books about South Africa which goes beyond protest to become good literature. It is thus well worth reading by those not immediately interested in the particular happenings which it describes.

Another book certain to be banned, although it is one that deserves to be widely circulated inside the country it concerns, is *The Struggle for a Birthright*, Mary Benson's history of black reaction, since 1910, to white domination of South Africa. The book is a revised and up-to-date version of an earlier work, *The African Patriots* (Faber). Journalistic rather than scholarly, it nevertheless provides a reasonably accurate and most readable, though not always absolutely impartial, account of events over the period, including the crucial years since 1960.

Alex Hepple's political and economic history develops the thesis that the real issue is economic rather than racial; that most of the discrimination in South Africa has to do with the exploitation of non-white labour rather than prejudice against blacks. As a Labour Party member of the South African parliament for ten years, and as editor of the courageous (but now extinct) *Journal Forward*, Mr. Hepple knows what he is at. The book is thoughtful and well organized, and the section on labour, where Mr. Hepple traces the historical development of black-white-master-servant relations, is particularly sound and informative. There is also a useful chapter on the history of the labour movement, including an honest appraisal of the internal split between those who see trade unions as an instrument with which to main-

tain the colour-bar and those who see them primarily as a means of protecting the working class, of all races, against the capitalists. All in all, despite one or two minor weaknesses, Mr. Hepple's book is a forceful and clear analysis of the South African situation.

Under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Dennis Austin has made a detailed and scholarly attempt to "measure the extent of British interests in South Africa, and the degree to which they are likely to influence United Kingdom policy towards the Republic". One of the most salutory aspects of the book is that Mr. Austin, though not devoid of sympathy, does not allow his personal preferences to cloud his judgment of political and economic realities. The Special Branch, he points out, have emerged "clear victors" in their struggle so far with the African political opposition. In the short run neither opposition from below nor reform from above is likely. But, at the same time, "to assume that fundamental changes of policy (and of heart?) can be achieved by external pressure alone... is simply to deceive either oneself or those to whom the argument is addressed". For,

there are many other claims on the world's concern for the primary issues of war and peace—above all in Asia, where China's overriding interest must surely be held to lie, and where bloodier conflicts than anything that has happened in South Africa are in danger of renewal.

Furthermore, because the primary concern of each African Government is with the retention of power within its own borders and the manipulation of local interests to that end, the "current forebodings that independent Africa will be swept by revolutions provoked by Apartheid in South Africa are greatly exaggerated".

After this heavy dose of political realism, Mr. Austin then goes on to examine Britain's involvement in Southern Africa. With regard to the three former Protectorates he shows how heavily dependent they are on South Africa and discusses the pros and cons of Britain's withdrawal, but he fails to support his conclusion that "one should not only accept but on balance welcome the decision by Britain to move towards independence for all three Territories". The discussion on South-West Africa is rendered obsolete by the surprise decision of the World Court. The last three chapters of the book are concerned with Britain's defence and financial interests in South Africa and with an analysis of the Rhodesian parallel. The defence facilities, particularly the Simonstown agreement,

"though useful are far from being indispensable" to Britain. Similarly the trade, investment and gold interests in South Africa are "important—often very important—but not vital" to the wealth or security of the United Kingdom. Britain accounts for more than 30 per cent of the Republic's total exports and nearly 30 per cent of its imports, while only 2 or 3 per cent of Britain's imports could come from South Africa. Britain could, if she chose, act effectively against South Africa's economy. Why does she not? The explanation, the writer argues,

does not lie primarily in dislike of having to forfeit its interests in South Africa but fear of the consequences likely to follow the United Nations action... It is absurd for the Nationalist Government to pretend that what happens in the Republic is of concern only to those who live there. But it is also un-true to argue that South Africa's racial problems can be cured by a policy of economic sanctions begun, as it were, in June and ended in December.

Possible effects of sanctions include "damage to the economies of South Africa's neighbours, hunger and bloody repression in the Republic, the dislocation of world markets, and the intensifying of east-west conflict". The burden of Mr. Austin's argument is that "in almost every aspect... as over the particular problem of gold, wider issues are raised which transcend the question of ending apartheid in South or South-West Africa".

While one might well dislike, and indeed disagree with, these conclusions one cannot sweep them aside as some have attempted to do by insinuating that Mr. Austin is acting for, and trying to justify, those interests which refuse to take active steps against South Africa. Tough arguments will not evaporate in the face of such charges but must be met with better arguments.

Southern Africa in Transition puts together a number of papers delivered in Washington, D.C., primarily to inform the American public about the eleven countries lying between the Congo and Cape Town, particularly in so far as they are faced with either white political or economic control. Like all conference collections this one is a mixed bag and there is little factual material that has not appeared elsewhere. Nevertheless, it serves as a useful introduction to those wishing to become politically informed, from the African point of view, about South Africa and its satellite states. Of particular interest is the discussion, that follows every two or three papers, by men who are themselves actively involved in the various resistance movements of Angola, South West Africa, Rho-

desia, Mozambique and South Africa. However, although it is important to feed the west with facts it is difficult not to feel (particularly in the light of Dennis Austin's book) that the American Society of African Culture missed a great opportunity when convening this conference by not focusing primarily on the types of society that should emerge in these countries after independence. For example, there has been almost no rigorous public discussion among the South African opponents of apartheid about the type of social and economic policies to be pursued after the transition. It is argued that, at this stage, all efforts must be concentrated on bringing down the totalitarian regimes and that policies will be sorted out after that. Yet all contributors to the volume are agreed that external pressure is necessary to topple white power in Africa. But is the west likely to do it unless it is convinced that the leaders of the potential governments have viable policies which have been carefully thought out? If the United Nations enforced majority rule in South Africa tomorrow would the new government continue to allow foreigners to migrate to the mines? If not what would happen to the economies of Malawi, Mozambique and Lesotho whose foreign exchange earnings come primarily from the mines? What would be the last policy? Would it abolish the pass laws? If so then how would it deal with the vast mass of rural unemployed who would flock to the cities but remain unable to get jobs because of a previous educational policy which kept them unskilled? What is urgently needed is a dialogue between experts who have time to study the structure of South African society in depth and those politicians who see the necessity of making concrete policy proposals beyond "one man one vote".

All six books point in the same direction. As Mr. Hepple puts it, "There are no means, short of revolution, by which the lower classes, the non-whites, can change the social order". All effective power remains in the hands of the white government and in spite of the optimism of many opponents of apartheid it is possible that South Africa is entering a long dark night during which, through fear of change, white South Africa will develop one of the most totalitarian states in history. "There is no comfort, then, in these books except for the spirit of the men like Abbie Sachs and Helen Joseph. Such seemingly tiny battles for justice and love are the only ones which alone give hope for the future."

There is a tendency, particularly on the part of historians of the Italian Renaissance, to ignore Venice and her history. It was not always thus, for in Stuart times and in English eyes Venice was preeminent in the world. Then, the San Marco and the Arsenal of Venice were the essential sights of a grand tour, while Venetian justice and the Venetian Constitution were considered admirable and worthy of imitation. A history of Venice, be it that of Fougassier or James Howell, was essential reading for an informed gentleman. Florence was judged second-rate in comparison. By the time of Burckhardt things had changed, and he thought that Florence merited the name of the first modern state in the world, uniting the most elevated political thought and the most varied forms of human development. In consequence there has been almost exclusive interest in Florence, above all in terms of the Renaissance.

Romanin, Kretschmayr and Luzzatto can be named as distinguished historians of Venice, and of these Romanin is really of the generation before Burckhardt. Venetian studies in English in the past century make a poor showing. Who besides Horatio B. Brown comes to mind? Brown contributed descriptive essays useful for a foreigner to Venice because they reflect a profound knowledge of Venetian topography and the Venetian way of life. These essays, though, are not penetrating monographs that have stimulated further researches, and they do not help to integrate Venice to the Renaissance.

With this dearth of scholarly studies on Venice, anything in the field, particularly in English, is to be welcomed. The volume of Professor Frederic C. Lane's *Collected Papers* is handsome in printing and presentation, as befits a work published to commemorate the writer's sixtieth year, and edited by his colleagues and former students. The work, therefore, is a homage volume, and the

planning foreword by Professor Ferdinand Brandt makes it plain that Professor Lane has that rare gift of inspiring affection. Naturally there is a biographical sketch of Professor Lane, and his bibliography. More than 300 pages of the volume are devoted to Venice, and fourteen articles have been arranged with conscious artistry. There are two studies on Venice and trade routes: the next seven appear under the general heading of "Business and Finance"; two more are concerned with government, followed by seven related to shipping. All these studies have previously appeared over the past forty years in such periodicals as *The Journal of Political Economy*, *The Journal of Economic and Business History*, and *The Journal of Economic History*. The periodicals are not recondite, but it is splendid to have together these fourteen articles, and the volume forms an admirable companion to Professor Lane's two books in the same field, likewise published by Johns Hopkins Press, *Venetian Ships and Shipbuilders* (1934), and *Andrea Barbarigo, Merchant of Venice, 1418-1449* (1944).

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We may regret that the editors did not include all Professor Lane's work in Venetian history, particularly his most recent work, the two most important and suggestive studies entitled "Recent Studies in the Economic History of Venice" and "Gino Luzzatto's Contributions to the History of Venice". We are given instead one hundred or so pages devoted to history in general, and some of them are very odd pages. "Why Begin at the Beginning", an address to the Middle Atlantic Association of History and Social Science Teachers, delivered in 1937, is the most dispensable, and the first in the group. The last is equally unfortunate. "At the Roots of Republicanism" is the Presidential Address to the American Historical Association, delivered in 1965, and we are warned that "My thesis here is that republicanism, not capitalism, is the most distinctive and significant aspect

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VENICE COMES INTO ITS OWN

Venice and History. The Collected Papers of Frederic C. Lane. 560pp. Johns Hopkins Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4. FREDERIC C. LANE: *Navires et constructeurs à Venise pendant la Renaissance. 298pp. Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes. Vie Section. Paris: S.E.V.P.E.N. Distributed by Parkers, Oxford. £3 18s. 6d.*

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OBJECTIVE ENTHUSIASM

GEORGES BALANDIER: *Ambiguous Africa. Cultures in Collision. Translated by Helen Weaver. 276pp. Chatto and Windus. £2 15s.*

Professor Balandier, whose book appeared in its original form in 1957 (*Afrique Ambiguë*), writes with an enthusiasm for Africa that at times has lyric qualities. Yet it is an enthusiasm disciplined by wide knowledge and by the scholar's search for objectivity.

Like anyone else writing about Africa, the author has been caught out in some of his judgments by the pace of events—but these cases are remarkably few. Far offener he has proved himself a shrewd prophet.

For example, writing about difficulties of assimilation between different groups in a small area around Jos, he comments: "Even on this scale, the problem is without immediate solution. One can imagine, then, the

magnitude of the task facing the African founders and leaders of the Federation of Nigeria."

He is critical of colonization, "which has always had the force of an evolution prevented from reaching its end", and which has both encouraged and limited education and social change. He also analyses acutely, however, one of the greatest weaknesses of Negro societies, namely that they are primarily effective on the level of human groups of limited extent and relative isolation but which have "lacked those techniques for the handling of space which are favourable to unification". A lack which is reflected in the tribalism and factionalism of many modern African political leaders.

REDEEMER'S DOOM

A. A. AFRIFA: *The Ghana Coup 24th February, 1966. 144pp. Frank Cass. 25s. (paperback, 12s. 6d.).*

Colonel Afrifa, a Sandhurst trained professional soldier of thirty, was one of the leading planners of the coup d'état which overthrew Dr. Nkrumah. Here he explains how, and far more interestingly why, it was done, and reveals himself in the process to be an intelligent, thoughtful man, and a patriot. Dr. Tibor Szamuely, who had been a lecturer at Dr. Nkrumah's Ideological Institute at Winneba, contributes an introduction in which he analyses Nkrumahism and lays it bare as a mish-mash of ill-digested theories and in practice far more akin to Nazism than to communism. As he says, the "best works of Nkrumahism are revealingly exposed by Colonel Afrifa."

It is a frightening story of corruption, inefficiency, megalomania, and a callous disregard for the sufferings of fellow human beings. Nkrumah the Osagyefo, the Redeemer, was in Colonel Afrifa's view a madman and the leadership of the Convention People's Party was a collection of ex-convicts, illiterates, bullies and political malfeactors. This is the judgment of a man who, in his own words, "became a Krumah" (Nkrumah's bitter enemy). Not surprisingly, he sees the whole Nkrumah edifice as a rotten structure and he probably underestimates the undoubted positive achievements of Dr. Nkrumah, particularly in his early days. Similarly Colonel Afrifa's enthusiasm are so clear cut as to be unconvincing.

balanced man, not afraid to think his own thoughts, with a deep love of his country and an understanding of her problems, a trained soldier who has seen active service (in the Congo), who loves the military life, who was greatly influenced by the Sandhurst training for which he has high praise, and who truly believes that the army's role should be apolitical.

His account is a passionate testament. It is also extremely lucid and well presented. Anyone who had the chance to observe the growth of Dr. Nkrumah's tyranny at first hand will know that what Colonel Afrifa has written is the truth.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

BASIL DAVIDSON: *Africa. History of a Continent. With photographs by Werner Forman. 320pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4. 10s.*

Has Africa a history, or can its early development be summed up in the words of an Oxford history professor, quoted by Mr. Davidson, as "unrewarding gyrations of barbaric tribes in picturesque but irrelevant corners of the globe"? Mr. Davidson's answer is clear. There is indeed a long and interesting history. In this beautifully produced volume, he proves his point up to the hilt. Significantly, the space devoted to the colonial and post-colonial period is only a small part of the whole, and although the author is pretty scathing about the colonial

It is a book to be commended to all who want to understand what is wrong with independent Ghana. I should be read, too, by those who lump all African states together and speak disparagingly of military rule and governments. The point emerges from Colonel Afrifa's writing is that in Ghana's case the Army, far from being an instrument of autocratic rule, was the one possible means of ending dictatorship. To role it played last February was a blow for, not against, democracy. Dr. Busia, the Ghanaian politician and scholar, points out in a preface

three is clear and concise. The main part of this book is devoted to the colonial history, and here, too, Davidson has provided a readable, coherent narrative in which he distilled the raw material of the historian for digestion by the layman. It is a labour of love, the fruit of years of interest in and study of Africa.

Supporting Mr. Davidson's text are photographs by Mr. Forman, are splendidly good. Some are in colour, some black and white. The range of subjects is enormous, and only the most telling features of the "book of the world" are included.

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A study of the workings of Italian colonialism in Somalia, that throws light on the nature of European colonialism in Africa. Chicago 274 pages 50s 6d net

Married Women in the Labor Force

An Economic Analysis

BY GLEN E. CAIN

Sets up an economic model to deal with the available data in both aggregate and disaggregate forms. Chicago 139 pages 48s net

Anatomy of the Cell

SCOTCH-IRISH

GORDON DONALDSON: *The Scots Overseas*. 232pp. Robert Hale. 25s.
R. J. DICKSON: *Ulster Emigration to Colonial America, 1718-1775*. 320pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 45s.

Although these books have closely linked topics, they have very little else in common. Dr. Dickson's book on *Ulster Emigration* is a most learned, judicious and acute piece of historical reconstruction. Professor Donaldson's *Scots Overseas* is, alas, a specimen of a kind of filio-pietistic writing for which one had hoped there was no longer any market.

There is a basic problem involved in discussing Scottish emigrants and Ulster emigrants. It is revealed in the ambiguous term "Scotch-Irish". It is reasonable to assert that there is a group which is described nowadays by this term. It is a little less easy to define this group, and it is rather more doubtful whether people who emigrated to America from Ireland can strictly be counted as Scots even though most of them were of Scottish origin. Dr. Dickson deals with this extremely sensibly. He talks of Irish emigration, qualifying it by Protestant and Presbyterian. Despite what Professor Donaldson too confidently asserts, the emigrants from Ulster to the North American colonies in the eighteenth century were described by the people who received them, very unwillingly, as "Irish", and this term was applied to their descendants right into the nineteenth century. The insistence on the expression "Scotch-Irish" is a fairly recent phenomenon although the term is, of course, quite old. The group of emigrants that Dr. Dickson is dealing with were mainly of Scottish origin, and they were mainly settled in Ulster. More important, they were all, or nearly all, Presbyterians.

Professor Donaldson, in discussing the wider subject, starts off quite well. He attacks some of the more simple illusions about Scottish history. For example, he reduces the influence of the Forty-Five; and he explains, if he does not totally defend, the "Highland Clearances". He makes it plain that the main source of Scottish emigration in the past two centuries has been economic pressure. Dr. Dickson, with a great deal more relevant learning, makes the same point about Ulster. He does not believe that most of the emigrants left Ulster, or other parts of Ireland, from resentment of religious disabilities. They went, as he points out, because of the pressure of famine. Lecky, Froude and other omniscient historians have greatly exaggerated the degree to which religion played a part in the emigration to British North America (just as German-American historians greatly exaggerate the number of "Forty-Eighters" among the German emigrants of the nineteenth century). After all, most great emigrant movements are a result of economic pressure: so barbarians pressed into the Roman Empire; so did the Jews into Egypt.

Unfortunately, Professor Donaldson, in dealing with his wider subject, very soon descends into that making of lists of eminent Scots abroad which is so tempting and so tiresome. When one has to deal with lists of this kind,

the temptation is to ask why not X instead of Y; for example, why not Duns Scotus whose glories have recently been celebrated in his native Berwickshire? Why, in the discussion of the Scots in the United States, no mention of such eminent exiles as Alexander Graham Bell and President McCosh of Princeton? We have lists of high school principals, minor ministers, minor business men, and some discussion, rather more useful, of Presbyterian organizations and of the passion of the Scots (at home and abroad) for schism, if not for heresy. But even the religious discussions are curiously one-sided. Thus, although there is quite a lot about attempts to preserve Highland culture in Canada, there is no mention of the Saint Francis Xavier University at Antigonish. And there are some other oddities. Why is Dr. MacDonnell described as "the Roman Catholic bishop of Lower Canada"? Surely there was a "Roman Catholic bishop of Lower Canada", i.e. the present province of Quebec, he must have been the heir of that great seignior of the house of Montmorency, Monseigneur de Laval? And did MacEachern take his faithful over from North Ulster to Canada? It is much more likely that they came from South Ulster, then, as now, a Catholic island. There are other errors and omissions, e.g. the very inadequate account of Robert Owen's settlement of New Harmony. But the basic mistake is in the attitude: the naive list of eminent Scots, admired especially if, like Andrew Carnegie, they made a great deal of money.

With Mr. Dickson, we are in a very different world. He is a masterly, judicious researcher and assessor of other historians. Thus, he can see the merits as well as the faults of M. J. O'Brien, that zealous defender of the claims of the Irish Catholics as against the claims of the "Scotch-Irish". He is extremely interesting on the organization of emigration from Ireland, which was mainly emigration from Ulster, even though some of it is credited to Cork. He notes the divided minds of the authorities in London and in Dublin Castle about emigration: on the whole, they were against it. It threatened both to weaken "the Protestant interest", and to reduce rents, but the government in eighteenth-century Ireland was incapable of carrying out, effectively, a policy of prohibiting emigration.

This book is not only deeply scholarly; it also makes very lucid reading. One may assume that a ship called the Glorious Memory did not welcome papists among its passengers; and there is a certain blandness in the way in which Dr. Dickson records the attempt of the Puritans in New England to keep "the Irish" out or to penalize them for coming. The fact that these "Irish" were what is now called by Professor Donaldson Scotch-Irish, and that most of them were Presbyterians, did not weaken Yankee hostility.

No doubt the Yankees would have disliked them even more if they had all been papists, but as it was they sufficiently disliked them even though they were Presbyterians. But to do Professor Donaldson justice, he does admit that the Scots from Scotland were just as unpopular as the Ulster Scots and Ulster Presbyterians.

One could wish for a little more detail in Professor Donaldson's survey, e.g. of that interesting wine-growing centre, in New South Wales, named after the ancient and royal burgh of Rutherglen. One would have liked more about Andrew Bonar Law and William Maxwell Aitken. But his general theme depends into dribbles of detail. Even the detail is sometimes rather tedious and doubtful. Whatever Professor Donaldson may say, or think, curling is not the main popular sport in Scotland or among the Scottish colonists abroad. It is curious that an Edinburgh professor should apparently have visited neither Tynecliffe nor Easter Road. Yet football was a very important link between Scotland and the exiled Scots of the textile towns of New England and New Jersey. Professional football teams visited Pawtucket and other Scottish colonies. But this kind of detail does not fit in with Professor Donaldson's somewhat romantic and

FRIENDS IN SPIRIT

The Letters of William James and Théodore Flournoy. Edited by Robert C. Le Clerc. 252pp. The University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £2 11s.

William James is so lively and exciting a writer that even if one totally disbelieves in "pragmatism" under any name ("slice it where you like, it's all sanity"), even if one thinks that the psychology is dead and *The Varieties of Religious Experience* as much of a ragbag as *The Golden Bough*, William James is still a delight to read. But of course he is more than that, if one thinks that both as a psychologist and a philosopher he had something and has something still, that his brief allusion in this correspondence to Freud and Jung is highly intelligent and his resentment of Münsterberg's Teutonic pomposity is natural and justified, (Kant had *not* said in advance all that was worth saying in the Jamesian philosophical oeuvre).

So Professor Le Clerc is to be praised for his find, on his persuing the Flournoy family to make the correspondence available (there is, apparently, only one excision); and he is to be thanked for letting us see William James against the rather diffuse background of Théodore Flournoy. James and Flournoy (and their respective families) became very close friends indeed and James, at any rate, wrote with unbuttoned candour. Perhaps the contrast between the two men makes the correspondence even more valuable (we must be pardoned for thinking that its main value is for the light it casts on William James). Flournoy belonged to the Genevan version of the HSP, the "haute société protestante". He revealed its general and more local virtues: probity, intelligence, industry, self-discipline. But in all Flournoy's letters there is the climate of Geneva, of a chilly December day under the *bise*. Flournoy, coming into psychology and then philosophy from the natural sciences and theology as James had from medicine, seems to have been perpetually thin-blooded and low-spirited. He lost a daughter

and then his wife; he had doubts about the value of most that he had done.

He was an odd partner for James. The "Irish" temperament that Henry Adams and other proper Bostonians noted in the James clan was certainly very visible in William James, what Henry James was a man or a writer. Perhaps Flournoy's literary taste was too archaic for *The Golden Bough*. James paid two long visits to Edinburgh while he was giving his Gifford lectures, but there is nothing about Edinburgh, a topic that would have been interesting discussed between Genevise and an inhabitant of the Cambridge-Boston world, both Geneva and Boston being so like Edinburgh—and so different. One feels that the limitations are due to Flournoy, not to James. Melancholic hypochondria, Flournoy outlived James by ten years.

We have so much reason to be grateful to Professor Le Clerc that it seems ungracious to be critical at his editing. Some American edition does not do much; Professor Le Clerc does not "Schiller" appears long before there is a note on F. C. Schiller and that note may well baffle Americans by its description of Schiller as a "tutor", an academic officer very different in Corpus, Oxford, from any office of that title in America. Then F. C. Bradley was not only a professor at Oxford, he was not a teacher. The baffling note on page 115 is only intelligible if it is transferred to page 161. And it must be said that when James attacked the literary style of American scientists (and later of such philosophers as John Dewey) he described it as "barbarian" not as "bavarian". The translation seems adequate, but "procureur général" seems an unfortunate way to describe the *procureur général* de la République de Canton de Genève.

One is tempted to wonder why James took to Flournoy so much. But they had one great interest in common: psychology. So there is a lot about Myers, Mrs. Piper and Eusapia Palladino and on the moral gains of a firm belief in the immortality of the human soul or personality. But there is much more. There is an educated version of James's famous attack on his country's adventure into imperialism (combined with an acute diagnosis of the Spanish-American war as a game). There are commonplaces on the Dreyfus case and a defence of American business as being morally superior to European business. And there is an acute analysis of the personality of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

ICE AND BRANDY

Letters from Hudson Bay, 1703-40. Bay Record Society. Members only.

This latest addition to the great series illustrates how disagreeable life was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company before any of the modern devices that make life tolerable in the Canadian North were available. Summer rain was as bad as winter snow; mosquitoes were worse than either. Cut off except for a visit of one ship a year from their own country the servants of the Company, not unnaturally, sometimes misbehaved themselves. Thomas McClellan noted the astonishing attraction brandy had for the Indians. But it was not the Indians who enjoyed it. Thomas Bird and other rulers of Albany Fort refused to "suffer any brandy at trading time to be delivered to the servants on any account and but small quantities at appropriate and reasonable times". It is hard to grudge the unfortunate servants brandy or other strong waters in their miserable situation.

Efforts were made to make these "habitations enforced" more toler-

able by importing Orkney cattle, but the experiment was economically wasteful. Life was not only dreary; it was also dangerous. We have a dramatic account of the fate of the frigate *Mary* on the ice, and the fate of two men who left Albany Fort "to take a Little Walk". One was found "frozen in a very dreadful manner" and the other was found "Dead . . . & a Wolf Standing Round . . . upon him".

There was competition from the French and the fears of a renewal of naval attacks on the Bay like those mounted by Irberville in 1694 and 1697 (to be repeated with success by La Perouse in 1782). This led, as the Editors suggest, to large expenditure on useless military works. There are interesting details of trading difficulties: on the excessive size of some kettles sent out as trade goods; on the defects of Brazilian tobacco; and on the outrageously bad quality of bricks sent out from England.

PAINTER OF THE NOBLE SAVAGE

The Letters of George Catlin and his Family. Edited by Marjorie Catlin Roehm. 463pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £3 8s.

George Catlin has serious claims on the interest of American historians and anthropologists. His pictures helped to create the image of the noble savage. He was, as Bernard DeVoto pointed out, the pioneer of the Wild West Show; to be raised to a world art fair, a generation later, by Buffalo Bill. He was not a very skilled artist, as his great-niece candidly admits (he could not be compared for skill with Bodmer). He was no Audubon and he was no very convincing model of truthfulness. He was not a mere Dr. Cook of exploration, but Mrs. Roehm candidly quotes the devastating criticism of some of Catlin's claims by Dr. Dore L. Morgan, who, nevertheless, introduces her book "His life, his art, his mission" with a glowing justification of his reputation on the charge that he made himself vulnerable to one of the most constructive students of the West, involved him disagreeably with Humboldt and helped to destroy any hopes he had of getting his "rights" restored on an ungrateful country.

All or most of the family had their share. The mother, a girl, was given name was "Darwin". Another, Henry, was obviously a rival in optimistic fecklessness. Colonel Sellers. A brother-in-law was an unsuccessful speculator and office holder. Two brothers "foolish". The father was a "foolish old man" who had not much of life. But the letters are interesting. They are full of the effect of sudden death on the subject of religious revivals, on the part of the Erie Railroad and of Great Bay, Wisconsin. There are good accounts of Catlin's life in London and Paris. George Catlin's egoism, his self-satisfaction, that cholera or cholera-like fever of the Indians increased the number of Indians he painted (and his family) did not save him from being received by Queen Victoria and Louis-Philippe and reached his apogee as an artist (so Mrs. Roehm thinks) in 1832 when he painted his life in "shadows and in mist".

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the father-in-law of a philosopher that James much admired.

There are limitations. Instead of rejoicing in the destruction of the horrible "Spanish" architecture of Stanford University in the great earthquake, James lamented it. Although he spent a good deal of time at Lamb House, there is no discussion of Henry James as a man or a writer. (Perhaps Flournoy's literary taste was too archaic for *The Golden Bough*). James paid two long visits to Edinburgh while he was giving his Gifford lectures, but there is nothing about Edinburgh, a topic that would have been interesting discussed between Genevise and an inhabitant of the Cambridge-Boston world, both Geneva and Boston being so like Edinburgh—and so different. One feels that the limitations are due to Flournoy, not to James. Melancholic hypochondria, Flournoy outlived James by ten years.

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The introduction is admirably lucid and helpful, but it is not so successful in putting us into the European picture as it is in putting us into the North American picture. Professor Davies quite rightly points out the close connection between the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company and the fortunes of war in Europe; but he is not quite realistic about the fortunes of war in Europe. How could George II have invaded France after Dettingen, even if he had been formally at war with France? And if he had, would he have had any better fortune than his son Cumberland had in 1745? Lorraine was hardly a rich province, and the Regent Orleans was not a remote but a close kinsman of Philip V of Spain, of Louis XV of France—and of George II of England. But for everything that concerns the problems of the company and the debated questions as the character of Richard Norton, the editing cannot in any way be faulted.

BOSWELL BOSWELLIZED

FREDERICK A. POTTLE: *James Boswell: The Earlier Years 1740-1769*. 606pp. Heinemann. £4 4s.
RALPH S. WALKER (Editor): *The Correspondence of James Boswell and John Johnston of Grange*. 369pp. Heinemann. £6 6s.

A biographer of Boswell faces formidable difficulties. The amount of material available is enormous—the research edition of the private papers, now well launched with the first volume of the correspondence, is expected to comprise thirty or forty volumes—and even now it is not certain that fresh word-hoards will not be unlocked. More important, the greater part of the material has already been shaped by a man who was a biographer of genius, but shaped in such a way as to concentrate attention on the weaknesses rather than on the strengths.

The impatience felt by Boswell's contemporaries, such as Grays, and by posterity, as classically represented by Macaulay, is understandable. "Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity," said Gray of the *Account of Curzon*; and Macaulay, while frankly recognizing that the *Life of Johnson* was "a great, a very great book", pointed the violence of his scorn on its author, "servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt, the laughing-stock of London". The picture of Boswell as an idiot who just happened to write masterpieces is no longer tenable, but it is Boswell himself who drew the first draft, and if Macaulay had read the Journals and Correspondence he would probably say, triumphantly, "I told you so!"

For the Boswell who presented himself to himself, to a few friends such as Johnson and Temple, and through the press, to a wider public, was in many ways monstrous, preposterous, assinine and sometimes unpleasant. "I have a strange feeling as I wished nothing to be secret that concerns myself," he wrote, and nothing of hardly anything is secret. There is an obsessive quality about his revolutions and analyses: he is a voyeur of his own performances, indecently exposing his privacies, forever boasting of the operations of his body, of the noble part, or lamenting the need for operations on it. To those who do not share his preoccupations he can be childish and boring.

But there was much more to Boswell than this, and the problem of achieving a balance is best stated in Professor Pottle's own words: "the outer or public Boswell was as real and important as the inner or private, and should be as graphically presented. The difficulty is that Boswell himself dramatized the private aspect . . . with incomparable vividness, but of

necessity provides only inferences and second-hand testimony concerning the public . . . As a result, the biographer who wishes to do justice to Boswell's greatness must write against Boswell himself, and will always be defeated. Do what one will, Boswell's own enormous private record is always going to make his life seem scrappy, futile, gross and unlovely. There would be nothing to deplore in that if one could with equal force present Boswell's charm, his subtleties, his good humour, his genuine good will. . . . But in fact, twentieth-century biographer can do little more than tell his readers about Boswell's amiability. He can *cannot* for them his wrangling with his servant, his dog-beatings, and his whoring.

Nor is it a question only of conveying the amiability. The biographer also has the task of presenting the humdrum or quotidian Boswell, the solid, earnest and hard-working lawyer with a flair for criminal practice. Above all he must feel the need of trying, if not to explain, at least "to define and assess his literary genius".

It is hard to believe that anyone will come nearer to solving these difficulties than Professor Pottle. This biography is a masterly feat of selection and organization, done with candour, sympathy and tact. Although, as the quotation above shows, he is alive to his subject's shortcomings, Professor Pottle's conviction of Boswell's genius informs and controls the narrative, and by setting Boswell firmly in his time, his country and his class he deepens our understanding. There is a great deal of scholarship here, sometimes a little obtrusive but for the most part lightly and often wittily carried.

Much of this book's enjoyable quality derives from the contrast of style between Boswell and his biographer. The former has many styles, from the elegant enthusiasm of his address to Rousseau ("I present myself, Sir, as a man of singular merit, as a man with a feeling heart, a sensitive and melancholy spirit") to the naive loquacity of the memoranda ("Pursue Plan. Forget dreary ideas of sensual Turkish ones. Be Johnsonian"). The latter, while in the main properly and decently self-effacing, often adds his own kind of vividness, as when he relates Boswell's reunion with Johnson ("he hugged you to him like a sack") early in 1766:

Out of the fleeting, restless, unbounded waves of the Boswellian record leaves the great nullified rock. Unlaid it appears, we have not realized how weary we were for its emergence, for the sight and sound of the waves breaking on something hard, massive, fixed, prejudiced.

But Johnson is only one of many

stars of these earlier years. The encounters with Rousseau, Voltaire and Paoli, with Wilkes and Hume, will be familiar to those who have read the relevant volumes of the Journals (of which Professor Pottle is, of course, the principal editor), but the necessary repetition is not unwelcome, and here one can see better how they fit into the pattern of Boswell's developing life. And there are the numerous heroines of high and low degree, "Louisa", "Zelide" and the rest, with whom Boswell goes through elaborate courting displays until he finally comes temporarily to rest in the ample arms of Margaret Montgomerie; the closing pages of this biography, indeed, record that remarkable day on which, while Boswell was wedding his Peggie, he was also unwillingly acquiring a step-mother as sixty miles to the west, the implacable Lord Auchinleck took a second wife.

Besides the stars, however, there are figures who may be of lesser interest to us, but were of great importance to Boswell. One of these was his lifelong friend John Johnston of Grange, and their correspondence, ably edited by Professor Walker, provides a supplement to the biography and to the Journals (for in the latter Boswell was addressing not just his friend "worshipful John" but also Posterity). This is the record of a friendship of mutual dependence.

Johnson was Boswell's straight man, though by no means his stooge. Boswell, certainly at first, needed Johnston, whom Professor Walker sees as by turns a parent-substitute, an anchor, a mirror, a sounding-board, a comforter. It was Johnston, perhaps, who stimulated Boswell's romantic aspirations—and then Johnston who, constitutionally more timid and staid, was pleased to act as an undemonstrative but appreciative receiver of dispatches from the Front. Latterly, it became Johnston who, fallen on harder days, needed Boswell, and the record of the latter's consistency and fidelity provides another answer to Macaulay.

The correspondence with Johnston takes us well past the point where Professor Pottle breaks off (though in fact there are comparatively few letters after 1769, since both men were in Edinburgh most of the time). The biography has paused with Boswell not yet thirty. There is much to come, and Professor Pottle's long labours have by no means ceased. It is good to know that another damned, thick, square book is already under way, with the collaboration of Professor Frank Brady; it will be awaited with eagerness.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY

Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare. Volume VI. Edited by Geoffrey Bullough. 578pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.

Professor Bullough marches on, and now that he has surveyed the sources of all the "classical" plays he is well within sight of his ultimate goal. The present volume is concerned with four dramas which, however interesting, are rarely ranked among Shakespeare's major achievements, but perhaps because of that offer us an excellent opportunity of assessing the peculiar virtues of this new "Shakespeare's Library".

The importance of the work is twofold. Professor Bullough's basic purpose is to present us with the texts which either directly inspired or provided suggestions for the tragedies, the comedies and the histories, and here we welcome both the editor's expansiveness and his inquiring mind. The familiar sources form the core, but these are accompanied by numerous "possible sources" some of them not so familiar, and by analogues occasionally less familiar still.

Thus, in dealing with *Timon of Athens*, Professor Bullough adds the obviously pertinent passages from Plutarch a variety of other material—a new translation of N. de Longo's version of Lucian's *Dialogus of Timon*, a passage from Lyly's *Campeas*, another new translation of parts of M. M. Boiardo's *Timone*, an excerpt from W. Painter's *Palace of Poesie*, a portion of John Alday's translation of P. Boissat's *Theatrum Mundi*, and several scenes from the anonymous manuscript play of *Timon*. Hardly anything has been missed, and even the oddest corners

have been explored. The legend of St. Agnes is related to Marston's adventures in *Pericles*, evoking a note that this play "probably appears in three stained-glass panels in the west window of North Tuddenham Church, Norfolk", one of which "shows a man falling back from her in the brothel". Occasionally Professor Bullough goes still farther, tentatively guessing at Shakespeare's acquaintance with relevant material which has now vanished. "Was there," he asks, "a ballad or lay in English (now lost), in which Apollonius became 'Pericles' or 'Pericles' perhaps because of the perils (*periculis*) he endured?"

The second quality giving direction to these volumes is Professor Bullough's critical acuteness. In the course of his researches he has had the opportunity of getting beyond the printed texts of the plays and, as it were, of opening the door into Shakespeare's study; and, still further, he has been able, in this age of specialization, to see the dramatist's work as a whole. The result is that, whether we agree with all his comments or not, these comments have been as the considered judgment of a man who has had the experience of investigating the certain and probable sources of the individual plays, and, at the same time, of relating all these groups together.

The judgments expressed in the introductions to the various plays, therefore, demand very careful consideration. From his special vantage point, Professor Bullough, thus sees *Titus Andronicus* as a work planned and executed by Shakespeare alone, and he rejects the suggestion that it may be "something of a burlesque, a comic melodrama". He endorses the theory that *Titulus* and *Cressida* was written for a special occasion, a "savage comedy" accentuating "the weaknesses of human nature which he found in his sources" and yet leaving *Ulysses* as "the noblest of politicians". He thinks it probable that in *Timon* Shakespeare was experimenting in a different, more didactic, kind of play than usual—an experiment which abandoned for *Coriolanus*. And he feels certain that *Pericles* was based on an earlier romance by an unknown author, a piece which Shakespeare undertook to improve and did so, particularly by being in haste (except for the second half where the themes aroused his interest and so led him largely to rewrite (in the broiled scenes) to replace the original material).

This original play, he suggests, was what George Wilkins used as a foundation for his *Painful Adventures of Pericles: Prince of Tyre*, and in an appendix Professor Bullough seeks to reconstitute part of its verse from the novelist's paraphrases. What Professor Bullough has accomplished in this volume and in its predecessors unquestionably whets the appetite for the concluding studies of the major tragedies and the romances.

WHEN I CONSIDER

Milton's Sonnets. Edited by E. A. J. Honigmann. 210pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Mr. Honigmann attempts in this much-needed book to juggle with three related tasks: to edit Milton's sonnets for the sixth-form or undergraduate, to present the first specialist edition since J. S. Smart's in 1921, and to unveil some common assumptions on chronology or allusion. Sometimes he is too much the specialist for his younger readers. He leaves Italian quotations untranslated, for example, and gives no adequate history of Milton's poetic technique, believing that this is now "common knowledge". On the other hand, the specialist will find much of the book no more than obvious material from obvious sources, and will be irritated by the frequent lack of proper references and by the exhaustive fullness of explanation (page 88: "Jolly" = "gay"; "May was the month of love . . ."). Thirdly, some of Mr. Honigmann's conjectures are so open to dispute that preliminary exposure in a specialist journal would have been preferable to the expensive finality of this handsome volume.

Nevertheless, it would be churlish to deny that Mr. Honigmann's 200 pages contain much useful fact, especially on the political background, while his questioning of accepted chronology should prevent the hardening of convenient assumptions into dogma. Too often, however, the "riches" he claims to have discovered are of negligible importance. When Milton refers unapologetically to "some more timely happy spirits", it is pointless to demonstrate at length that Cowley could be among them. Mr. Honigmann shows that "On the late Mascher in Piemont" has details and attitudes in common with contemporary newsletter reports, but this all-too-predictable outcome of his industry does not affect the experience of the poem.

The lack of sensitive involvement with poetry and the tendency to regard great poems as biographical data are, however, what ultimately hold this edition short of distinction. Mr. Honigmann virtually ignores, for example, Milton's subtly emphatic answering from the metrical expectations.

tions of the Italian sonnet. The manuscript change from "middest" to "milder" in the last line of "To Mr. H. Lawes" transforms a routine literary allusion—it is characteristic that the commentary shows no response to its unostentatious depth of implication. Mr. Honigmann's one idea on the poetry is that the sonnets have through continuity of detail "the dignity of a single, considered work of art". His basis here is Milton's stress on sequence by omitting all but three titles from the 1673 edition; but Mr. Honigmann (who omits all titles) does not print the sonnets in the 1673 order. He traces numerous continuities between his sonnets XII and XIII, but in 1673 these were XI and XII. It is inevitable, of course, that the twenty-four poems have the continuities of one mind concentrated on a few issues, yet the links Mr. Honigmann spots are very rarely expressive interrelations. The sense of immediate and individual utterance remains the great strength of the finest sonnets.

This is not to imply the simple translation of experience into poetry which Mr. Honigmann envisages. He suggests, for example, that "Captain or Colonel . . ." must, because of its playfulness, have been written not in 1642 (as dated in manuscript) but in May, 1641, when a Royalist attack on London was threatened and when Milton had still to become a militant anti-Royalist. But why should Milton, whose courage Mr. Honigmann acknowledges, be incapable of playfulness when in some danger, or indeed of imagining the situation after the actual 1642 attack had failed? Poetry may come as naturally as leaves to a tree, but not so predictably.

The Year's Work in English Studies, Volume XLV, covers the year 1964. It is published for the English Association by John Murray (423pp., 42s.) and is edited by T. S. Dorsch and C. G. Harlow. Chapters range from Middle English to the twentieth century, and there are indexes both of authors and of authors and subjects treated.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS IN PERFORMANCE

JOHN RUSSELL BROWN

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The range of Shakespeare's late dramatic activity is the subject of this volume in the *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies*. The book does not merely study the customary "Last Plays" nor does it place special emphasis upon an analysis of relationships between the romances. It seeks rather to observe the nature of specific, individual achievements within the fuller record of Shakespeare's late work.

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The theme of Volume 9 in this series is *Early Shakespeare* and therefore while not ignoring Shakespeare—which would be impossible—the present contributors have been encouraged to present him in relation to general influences and rival dramatists, rather than for his own sake.

THE PLAY CALLED CORPUS CHRISTI

V. A. KOVTS

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In this critical study of the Corpus Christi drama, the chief interest is in genre, form and meaning, in what can be discovered about the artistic intention and achievement of the medieval mystery play. The author's goal has been to understand the play in its own time, to discover from contemporary sources what a medieval dramatist might have put in his text, and what a medieval audience might have understood in seeing the play staged.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE AND ELIZABETHAN

DRAMATIC AUTHORSHIP

S. SCHÖENBAUM

45s. net.
This book has been written after the author's careful examination of various problems affecting the history of the stage; principally the central concern of authorship and the insecurity of the foundations on which so many assignments rest. It will hold interest not only for the specialist confronted with specific attribution problems, but also for the student concerned in a general way with the methods of literary research. "Here, with clear logic, he offers a series of basic principles . . . he emphasizes that if future investigations of this kind are to yield any positive results a more rigorous discipline is demanded."

The Times Literary Supplement.

EDWARD ARNOLD

41, Maddox Street, London, W.1.

Passion and Value in Hume's Treatise

PAL S. ARDAL

This is a new study of Hume's discussion of the Passions in Book I of the *Treatise of Human Nature*. Dr. Ardal's patient and probing analysis offers an important reinterpretation of Hume's views about the evaluation of human character, in particular, refuting the charge of inconsistency between Books I and II. He then demonstrates the close connection between Hume's doctrines about moral approval and disapproval in the latter Book and his discussion of pride, humility, love and hatred in Book II.

EDINBURGH

University Press

22 George Square

Edinburgh 8

FROM DUNBAR TO MACDIARMID

Chosen by John MacQueen and Tom Scott. 633pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2 5s.

The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse. The great merit of this anthology is that it is based on a consensus that has grown up during the past generation (stemming from Hugh MacDiarmid's slogan of the 1920s, "Back to Dunbar") while also having the nerve to do some bold, perfectly justified things. John MacQueen and Tom Scott have not been cramped by any "fair-minded", meat-rationing approach to their job: outstanding phases and individuals are treated in proportion to their merit and significance, even when this entails giving one-twelfth each of the total space to Dunbar, to the ballads and to Burns, and almost as much to Henryson.

The effect of including the whole of Dunbar's *Twa Marrit Weinen* and the *Weda* and Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* is to show how the Renaissance literature of Scotland was a complete one, with a full gamut of forms and concerns, capable of long flights, and with a linguistic range through which a poet could move as readily as Chaucer or Shakespeare (though never at as deep a level) from the colloquial to the elevated. By the seventeenth century, the genre—counterparts of Carew and Lovelace—could still turn a graceful lyric. By the 1700s there was no poet who had the command, the conviction,

the sense of a whole culture backing him, to produce sustained and weighty work.

Still, the tradition was not entirely scrappy, and the three main criticisms of this anthology all bear on that point. First, the degree to which the tradition splintered during the troubles of 1640-1745 is much exaggerated by leaving out the known poems of Francis Sempill (the possible author of the original "Old-Long-Syne"). He fought, and his family were almost ruined, in the religious wars, and he wrote almost as well about the crisis and hardship then overtaking the gentry as did, say, Browne in England or the best contributors to *The Rump*—Lestrang and Thomas Jordan.

No man would open me the door,
Breathie my comrade stood me by;
They dreid full ill I was right poor.
By my forrester company
I greid'd to gang on the plain-stanes,
To see if comrades wad me ken:
We twa gaid paing their own laines,
The hungry hour 'twixt twelve and one.

I slept my page and stour'd to Leith,
To try my credit at the wine;
But foul a deilish fil'd my teeth,
He gript me at the collic sign.

This, from "The Banishment of Poverty", is so distinctive, in its blending of ballad-narrative, alliterative flying, familiar social imagery,

and Cavalier dignity, that its omission is by itself a misleading gap, especially when there is also nothing from Dr. Alexander Pennecook (1652-1722), whose "Peter's Many Obligations" and "Truth's Travels", for example, are decent moralizing poems in a sub-Metaphysical vein. Even the colloquial tradition, then becoming the mainstream, is made to seem less vital than it was by the omission of the other, bawdy Scots-cuik (whose *Collection of Scots Poems*, Leith 1756, was greatly read in its day), and of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* (surely as worth excerpting as Thomson's *Seasons*) or the same poet's masterly mock-epic—

SHAME faw ye'r Chandler Chaffs,
O Death,
For snapping of John Cowper's Breath—

and of Douglas Graham's vigorous narrative of the Forty-five, and of the best of the anonymous folk-songs from then onwards (much more use should have been made of living traditional singers as ballad-sources, and to print the ballads without the tunes to which they were written is an old-fashioned error, no longer excusable, and quite denaturing to the ballads themselves).

This particular fault runs on into the selection from Burns, which is surprisingly conventional: only

one of the religious satires, which were the nearest thing to a major poetry between Lyndsay and MacDiarmid, and an almost random choice of songs, with none of the most substantial realistic ones (e.g., "The Braw Wower" and "O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad") which show how vernacular song was all in all—dance and drama and fiction—to the popular tradition.

No one could complain that Mr. MacQueen and Mr. Scott are ungenerous to our recent writers: more than a quarter of the whole is given to poets born since about 1880. 'Given' smacks of an attempt to dazzle us by sheer bulk and numbers into agreeing that the Scottish Renaissance has indeed been a rebirth. The policy of letting each poet speak through a good handful of his poems has led in all too many substandard pieces, e.g., the mainly forced and inflated poems "poetic" in the bad sense, by George Bruce, Norman MacCaig, Kathleen Raine, Andrew Young, Sydney Smith. One of the few moderns not to seem sheepish under the spotlight of this anthology is Norman Cameron: his clipped ironic fables look like the real, durable thing—

Always they balk at this last leap,
And then recoil to try once more.
From pride or custom still they keep
On striving—those once at the fore

Distinguished only from the rest by their impressive long run back. A discovery is Francis Lande Adams, unknown since his one book, *Songs of the Army of the North* (1890): he is, in his harsh, grimy, nesc, a genuine representative of the line that includes James Thomson (B.V.) and John Davidson.

Apart from that, Mr. MacQueen and Mr. Scott seem much less sure of their choice of moderns than of a fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century poets. To choose nothing from Hugh MacDiarmid's poems, culminating, Marxist vein, "Hymns to Lenin" or "The Starless Gown" or "Lo! A Child Born" or "Harry Semen"—is, in a gap that even an anthology's title is to be personal in his choice, hardly excuse. But inexperienced readers would not even know the gap was there, inasmuch as the sources given in the Contents are mostly recent collections and editions. It helps our historical view of the tradition not at all to see the John Davidson's pre-1900 "Things Bob a Week" comes from "Selected Poems, 1961" or that Hugh MacDiarmid's "The Great Wheel" comes from "Collected Poems, 1962" when actually it is part of *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*, 1926.

Apart from the gaps, and some mis-editions, this is a rich and extraordinarily useful book.

GABRIEL ARDANT: *Théorie sociologique de l'impôt*. Vol. I: 718pp. Vol. II: pp. 725-1,212. Paris: S.E.V.P.E.N. Distributed by Parkers, Oxford. £12 10s.

English-speaking economists will look in vain among Mr. Ardant's 1,212 pages for what they would consider a "Sociological Theory of Taxation". There are no closely reasoned analyses, no models and hardly any tables: theoretical arguments pop up here and there but they are not rigorously pursued and it may be doubted that Mr. Ardant has the equipment to carry them through. When analysis is attempted there are some fairly elementary faults (cf. pages 253 ff.). The sociological theory of taxation still remains to be written. A more accurate description of the work under review would be "Social Aspects of Taxation through the Ages". This must be interpreted as including economic, monetary and political problems of taxation viewed from a sociological standpoint.

These remarks are intended as explanations rather than strictures. Analytical economics is not an essential part of an economic historian's equipment: probably still most economic historians are not economists. Mr. Ardant is immensely well read, as his fifteen pages of bibliography testify (these are stated to cover the major works consulted). There is a general bibliography and a separate one for each of the eighty-seven chapters. It is impossible in a short review to do justice to the breadth of vision and the stimulating ideas thrown out, almost at any stage. The method followed throughout is historical. Beginning with the first identifiable manifestations of tax (Babylonian or earlier) through Greek and Roman experience, thence through the Middle Ages, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (with special emphasis on the *Ancien Régime*) to after the Second World War.

It might be thought that taking a sweep of the whole of history in every section (or "Book"), sometimes even within the confines of a single chapter, occurs in the texts (itself no mean feat, given the vagaries of Middle English spelling), and its interpretations and etymologies are unimpeachable and scholarly. It is a major achievement in its own right, and adds enormously to the value of the volume.

The publishers provide an errata slip, to which the present review could add some fifty items, including one on the errata slip itself (which is not, however, boldly headed ERATA, like a recent example). It is to be hoped that such errors, some substantial, others merely irritating, will be quickly eliminated from a book which is already "prescribed" in at least one university English syllabus.

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WAITING FOR CHAUCER

Edited by J. A. W. Bennett and G. V. Smithers, with a glossary by Norman Davis. 620pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 42s.

many versions of *Ancrene Riwle* in the publications of the Early English Text Society.

Early Middle English Verse and Prose, the joint work of Professors Bennett, Davis and Smithers, represents in a most authoritative fashion both the strengths and some of the weaknesses of recent work in this field. The book is a "reader", designed primarily for use in universities, and contains nineteen texts, some complete, others in extracts. The selection of texts is traditional, in that it caters for literary, philological, historical and antiquarian tastes alike. *The Owl* is present in substantial extracts, together with *Ormulum*, the last entries of *The Peterborough Chronicle* and *The Bestiary*. The editors have included an unusual number of light pieces, such as *Sirith* and *The Land of Cockayne*; but their selection hardly bears out the publishers' claim that "the book is designed to serve the purposes of readers whose main interest is in English literature". Indeed, such readers may sometimes be tempted to dismiss this claim altogether as mere blurb. Not that either editor lacks an interest in English literature; but their other interests are very strong, too; and Professor Smithers' excursions into philology and comparative literature, like those of Professor Bennett into history and antiquities, while they contribute much that is learned and original to the book, sometimes disturb its avowed design. Thus, Professor Bennett's valuable nine-page essay on the complex, "fixed 'Changel' culture" of the period, which opens the book, is followed by forty-one equally expert pages from Professor Smithers on the philology of Early Middle English. Is it appropriate for the literary reader to be offered ten pages of quite technical philology, when the whole literary and historical

background is being dealt with in nine?

A similar disproportion is to be observed in the explanatory notes. But here, the publishers say, "due heed has been given... to the needs and interests of specialists in Early Middle English"; so it would seem unfair to go on criticizing the editors for not producing what they apparently never intended to produce, a single-purpose book. Their notes are sometimes very technical, and occasionally too speculative for what is no doubt designed to be a standard book; but they are fresh and full of flavour. They are not afraid to challenge accepted opinion (e.g., on the place of *Ancrene Riwle* in the "continuity of English prose"); and their comments spring

directly from a very wide, first-hand acquaintance with the literature of the period. The most determinedly "literary" reader should prefer this to that dreary second-hand stating of the obvious which is too common in the academic textbooks produced nowadays for his benefit.

One outstanding feature of the book remains to be mentioned: Professor Davis's monumental 200-page glossary. The Early Middle English reader previously published by the Oxford University Press, that edited by Joseph Hall, had no glossary at all—a fact which caused suffering to generations of undergraduates. Professor Davis has repaired this omission with a vengeance. His glossary succeeds in its aim of recording "every form of every word that

occurs in the texts" (itself no mean feat, given the vagaries of Middle English spelling), and its interpretations and etymologies are unimpeachable and scholarly. It is a major achievement in its own right, and adds enormously to the value of the volume.

The publishers provide an errata slip, to which the present review could add some fifty items, including one on the errata slip itself (which is not, however, boldly headed ERATA, like a recent example). It is to be hoped that such errors, some substantial, others merely irritating, will be quickly eliminated from a book which is already "prescribed" in at least one university English syllabus.

TALE OF THE ANCIENT COLERIDGE

GEORGE WATSON: *Coleridge the Poet*. 147pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

In most works of a critical nature the opening chapter may as well be left unread. The warning applies especially to "poor Coleridge", as he is still being called by some who should know better. Mr. George Watson does not use the adjective, but starts with an unimpeachable regard for the "poor Coleridge" attitude which to anyone ripe for his own intelligent study—did some while ago. Aware of this, he refutes the censorious, heart-felt fashion. Not a name is mentioned, not a bibliographical reference given to those mockers who are now all silent and all damned. Mr. Watson has the freedom of an abandoned battlefield on which to discuss, sensibly, succinctly and sometimes luminously, the poetry of "imitation".

If that word still has a derogatory sound, this is due to equating it with "false". Mr. Watson is not the first to perceive Coleridge, employing many modes and voices, apart from his early exercises in the classical style. No poet was more alive to the diversity of conditions that could be drawn on, built on, handled with both respect and irony, or transmuted by the dissolving, diffusing, re-creating power of the (secondary) imagination. That *The Ancient Mariner* is born of medieval balladry, *Christabel* from the Gothic horror tale, takes nothing from their magic. The poet's one major innovation is the Conversation Piece. Here, in the alternation of the domestic and the infinite, Coleridge has been thought to use his native voice. Mr. Watson is not so sure: he suspects, without loss of accuracy, that the calculated effect of naturalness from one so supremely conscious of every sound and motion in the poetic field.

What, then, asks Mr. Watson with continuing courage, is *Kubla Khan* about? The answer is, poetry on the strength of its closing passage, that has been guessed before. But how can we connect with the static lithograph of a pleasure-dome? The answer, in originality, the first half is a descriptive inventory, Augustan in tone and, the last part is a "what for" to create a poem on it. So here is no poem. All the deployment of walls

and parkland, caves and fountain belong to what Coleridge called "matter-of-factness". At best they are built on the "flicks and deflates" later to be linked with fancy in his critical definition. The performance (poem or not) is due ahead of the precept.

Further, Mr. Watson denies any inconsistencies of content in the earlier part. *Kubla Khan* is a barbarous tyrant; his landscape design is artificial, trivial, and cruel; his freedom-loving rivers, and the prophecies of war far from disturbing his serenity, supply the peak of *Kubla's* pleasure. After giving the reprehensible picture, ethically and linguistically prosaic, Mr. Watson needs to explain why the poet signs for the power to create it "in air" by his winged words.

On both poems Mr. Watson's arguments are arresting, bold and thoughtfully presented. At the same time they cannot, and should not, since these masterpieces require their mystery, pass from opinion to gospel fact. The supernatural, which was Coleridge's part of the *Divine Madness*, is imagination's privilege only when it defies a rational explanation.

The Apollo Society has organized in aid of the Italian Art and Architecture Fund, an evening of poetry, drama and music entitled "Italy, My Italy" which will be held at the Haymarket Theatre on Sunday, January 29. The cast list includes Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Sybil Thorndike, Yvonne Littlewood, Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson and others. Details from the Secretary of the Apollo Society, 8 St. George's Terrace, N.W.1 (PR1 7124) or from the National Gallery Press Office.

COUNTRY LIFE

The Cambridge Economic History of Europe. Volume I: The Agrarian Life of the Middle Ages. Edited by M. M. Postan. 871pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 15s.

The first edition of this volume was a product of international cooperation in the 1930s, edited by Sir John Clapham and Eileen Power, and brought heroically to publication as the lights were going out at the beginning of the war. The plan was to cover the early development of medieval settlements and institutions in general chapters treating the whole of Europe and then to divide the continent up for separate sections on geographical areas in the eleventh to fourteenth centuries. In the new edition the first half has been comparatively little altered. Some of the general essays by famous Continental scholars—Richard Koebner on settlement and colonization, Alfons Dopsch on the institutions of the Germanic kingdoms and Marc Bloch on the rise of seigniorial institutions—are unchanged and with them most of the picture of early medieval Europe. The treatment of the later Middle Ages was weaker and has now been strengthened by considerable revision of the later part of the book. Several of the more outdated or sketchy chapters have been replaced by substantial new contributions which give that part of the volume a new look.

The new editor himself has long been the leading inspirer of fresh research on medieval agrarian history in this country. He has taken the opportunity to give us for the first time an extended account of his own views in the section on England. He presents the subject within the framework of large-scale changes in the relationship between population and land. Land hunger produced by a growing population led to extended cultivation of the land for corn in the thirteenth century. For the later period he supports the much debated hypothesis of deterioration of the soil leading to smaller yields and abandonment of marginal lands, accompanied by a decline in population starting before the Black Death. From the condition of the land itself he proceeds to an original analysis of the social structures based upon it. He suggests that the increasing political activity of the gentry in the thirteenth century was the result not of the "rising power and

prosperity of smaller landowners but... of a gathering threat to their position" from the great magnate estates which were better placed to exploit the value of agricultural land; and that these roles were reversed in the period of the Hundred Years War when the big estates were particularly hard hit by falling land values and rising wages. Perhaps the most interesting part of his chapter is a new analysis of peasant society in which he attempts to penetrate below the formal arrangements recorded in manorial documents to real social divisions determined not so much by the status of freedom or servitude as by the amount and quality of land which the peasant family owned. He believes that the changes of the later Middle Ages may have produced "political promotion" rather than "social promotion" and that the general improvement in the average holdings of the peasantry, Professor Postan's chapter, is a rich and interesting hypothesis. However much they are questioned they will lead students to the right problems.

A different world of great estates based on slave and servile labour in the fifteenth century is sketched in Mr. R. E. F. Smith's useful new chapter on Russia. Mr. Smith gives us an introduction to the latest research in a region which is excruciatingly unfamiliar. Italian agriculture on the other hand ought not to be so bafflingly obscure and unmapped as it has been. Historians have concentrated on the more romantic world of estates and commerce at the expense of the countryside which fed it with corn and tithes. Dr. Philip Jones's long new chapter on Italy deserves to be singled out not only because it is learned and well-written but also because it fills a very serious gap. The difficulties of the subject arise partly from the great variety of regional differences: "In Lombardy alone there are wider variations of elevation and climate, soil and vegetation, than in the whole of Germany." Italy as a whole suffered the general European movements of population growth and settlement followed by recession in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But different regions were affected in widely different ways and the economic contrast between pro-

gressive North and backward South emerged more and more clearly. In the plains of the Po valley the most advanced system in Europe of agriculture based on irrigation was developed. In the kingdom of Naples early colonization was sporadic and the late medieval recession which in the north had marginal and temporary effects produced many uninhabited places and an apparently irreversible economic decline. In Lombardy and Tuscany the chronology of agrarian as of urban development was far ahead of northern Europe. Labour services and demesne farming had become unimportant by the end of the thirteenth century and the system of *mezzadria* well known in Tuscany in modern times, under which landlors and peasant shared the costs and the produce, was becoming common. Dr. Jones does not, however, find in northern Italy the late medieval amelioration of the peasants' lot which Professor Postan sees in England. The cities whose rise had contributed

to the dissolution of the old manorial regime legislated to support the ample powers of later landlords. His chapter ends with a Tuscan proverb: "The country is for producing and the town for producing men."

The contrast between Italy and England underlines the difficulties faced by Professor Genicot of Louvain in the new epilogue, "Crisis: From the Middle Ages to Modern Times", which deals with the general problem of late medieval contraction over the whole of Europe. Professor Genicot agrees with the editor in giving prominence to the massive effects of depopulation, which he believes was due to a decline in the birth rate as well as to external catastrophes, to labour scarcity and to a decline in the price of corn. In continental Europe he gives a surprisingly large place to the depredations of war. But while these influences were universal he finds wide divergences in social results of which the contrast between the new manorialism east of the Elbe and the freeing of

peasant society in north-west Europe is only the most obvious. His chapter is an ambitious attempt to reveal the general causes of social change in a whole continent and, like Professor Postan's, it is boldly speculative in a way that will encourage new approaches.

The weaknesses of the Cambridge histories have been criticized often enough. This volume has fewer than most. There are overlaps and gaps but on the whole skilful and generous planning saves it from the omissions and unevenness which to some extent mar even the second and third volumes of the same series. Some of its early chapters have dated. Its rich, 100-page bibliography on the other hand has been brought up to date and the majority of the chapters which have not been replaced have been partially revised. With the possible exception of Professor Duby's *seigneurie rurale et la vie des campagnes dans l'occident médiéval* no other work rivals it.

SUNDAY MIRROR

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NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART

Letter Q

SUNDAY MIRROR, 33 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

Closing date for entries: 26th MARCH, 1967

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Ten Years After. A Commemoration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution. Edited by Tamas Acel. 253pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 10s.

Ten Years After is a collection of essays of varying degrees of excellence by diverse hands, all pieces connected with the events of 1956 in Hungary. So vague a phrase as "connected with" has to be used because, interesting as some of these essays are, the book as a whole fails to achieve what its subtitle suggests: to put those great events into perspective, examine what they meant for the world, assess their historical effects—whether they speeded up or delayed the process of liberalization in eastern Europe, whether, in the final analysis, or at least in a ten-years-after analysis, they helped or harmed Hungary and the cause of freedom. It also fails to attempt to answer that other traumatic question: how did the Suez adventure influence events on the Danube? One or two of the contributors, notably Professor Michael Polanyi and M. Raymond Aron, attempt to answer some of these questions but the book as a whole lacks unity and character. The editor seems to have been overawed by the list of distinguished contributors; if he gathered a few loose pearls here and there, his hand seems to have trembled when the formidable task of stringing them together, faced him. The result is a collection of random essays which do not amount to much *in toto*.

Professor Polanyi in the opening essay declares that "it is... a matter of life and death for us that we recognize the power which made them rebel as they did". Then he goes on to indicate "three lines of... progress which should be seen jointly". First, there was the defection of communist intellectuals, the "God that failed" school. The second decisive step occurred in the Soviet Union itself, on the day Stalin died: the thirteen doctors of the Kremlin, who had been sentenced to death, were released. The reason for releasing them, according to Professor Polanyi, was a love of truth, as the masters of the Kremlin "believed their position would be safer if they had more truth on their side and less against them". The third event in this process tending to vindicate truth and moral values was the rebellion of the Hungarian writers, referring, obviously, to the rebellion preceding the actual revolution. According to Professor Polanyi, the Hungarian Revolution spelled a warning to tyranny of the growing power of truth and thought. He greets with approval the "growth of thought" in the Soviet Union and he concludes that we must reestablish the grounds of true idealism, in which we can join those "who are liberating themselves from the [Communist] party for the service of the great ideals". In other words, we must cooperate with the Soviet Government who are successfully searching for truth and at the same time with those who liberate themselves from the Soviet Government (and party) in the interest of the same truth. He adds: this is the message of the Hungarian Revolution. If this is indeed so, both history and Professor Polanyi have failed to express themselves with their customary clarity. And if it is, as he said at the beginning, a matter of life and death to understand all this, humanity is in mortal danger.

M. Raymond Aron sees things differently. The Hungarian Revolution was a great reminder of the force of nationalism. Anti-Soviet Magyar patriotism was, according to M. Aron, the moving force. Mr. Paul Ignatius, in a thought-provoking and clearly piece, reaches different conclusions again. The picture he paints is sober and prosaic but has the ring of truth. "The wounds of the Stalinist years and of November, 1956, are still sore but the Russians

YUGOSLAVIA TO 1966

H. C. DARBY, R. W. SETON-WATSON, PHYLLIS AUTY, R. G. D. LAFAN and STEPHEN CLISSOLD: A Short History of Yugoslavia. From Early Times to 1966. Edited by Stephen Clissold. 280pp. Cambridge University Press. 32s. 6d.

The major part of *A Short History of Yugoslavia* was originally published by the Naval Intelligence division of the Admiralty as part of a handbook to Yugoslavia for service use. Among the contributors was Professor H. C. Darby, who wrote the history of the various Yugoslav lands up to 1914; while the late Professor R. W. Seton-Watson together with Professor Darby was responsible for the chapter on "The formation of the Yugoslav states" and together with R. G. D. Lafan produced the section on "Yugoslavia between the wars". A chapter on the history of Yugoslavia during the war has been added by Mr. Stephen Clissold, who also revised and edited the present volume. Postwar Yugoslavia is described by Miss Phyllis Auty.

Although this book is, then, the work of five different authors, it nevertheless makes a coherent whole in which the two postwar contributions blend well. Furthermore the book has an impressive number of maps based on authentic primary sources, and these enable the average reader to form a clear image of the very complex history of the various Yugoslav peoples.

It must be said, too, that the book has several shortcomings. The section on Yugoslav history up to 1914 is based on historical studies of the early 1930s, and thus does not take into consideration the results of historical researches during the past thirty years. It omits, for instance, Branslav Djurdjev's studies of the first centuries of Ottoman Rule over the South Slavs, made on the basis of primary historical sources as they exist in the archives of Istanbul. In these studies Djurdjev has successfully challenged many generally accepted legends. Another problem is the role played by the joint forms of life among the South Slavs after the fall of the medieval feudal states.

This section dealing with modern history fails to incorporate new researches made in the Yugoslav archives particularly in the *Naples* of

the Archduke Franz Ferdinand about the responsibility for the Sarajevo assassination. These sources cast doubt on the plan of "Trialism", according to which the Archduke Franz Ferdinand wished to form a third unit within the Habsburg monarchy comprising the South Slav lands, thus giving them all national rights. New historical sources, on the contrary, show that for the Archduke Trialism was only a tactical weapon, to divide the Magyars from the South Slavs and the Croats from the Serbs. The Archduke's *Thronwechsel* plans prove that he wanted a more centralized monarchy, led by the German element and based on the absolute power of the new Emperor.

Mr. Clissold's account of Yugoslavia during the war is balanced enough, yet he forgets to mention to what extent the agreement between Stalin and Churchill about division of spheres of interest in Yugoslavia on a fifty-fifty basis affected Yugoslav affairs at the end of the conflict.

Miss Auty's description of the postwar period does not sufficiently analyse Stalin's influence on the organization of the new Yugoslav state in the years 1945-48. In that period many positive features of the partisan struggle, based on the concepts of federalism, were lost because of the rigid application of the Soviet type of centralized state. To take one instance: up to 1945 the "Slovene People's Liberation Army" existed as part of the Yugoslav National Liberation Army.

The break with Stalin in 1948 has not been treated with sufficient attention to recent historical research which shows that Tito played an even more decisive role than had hitherto been known. Among the top Yugoslav leaders he was the most resolute in maintaining the independence of Yugoslavia and its specific kind of socialism. Some of the other leaders had more or less wavering attitudes; this was particularly true of Milovan Djilas, who in February, 1948, was greatly influenced by Stalin, accepting the Russian leader's proposal for a federation between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. His report to Tito on these crucial talks with Stalin ended

with the words that "one should not for a moment forget the great love of Comrade Stalin towards our Central Committee and particularly towards Comrade Tito". Fortunately for the history of the Yugoslav peoples, Josip Broz Tito, with the mind of a real Yugoslav rebel, did not fall for the Georgian rise of Josip Vissarionovich Stalin. Djilas's book on his conversations with Stalin would have had much greater historical value had he been more detached and had he tried to see himself more objectively as well as in historical perspective.

MACEDONIANIA

British Bibliography on Macedonia. Compiled and edited by Hristo Andonov - Poljanjski. 512pp. Skopje: Archives of the Socialist Republic of Macedonia.

This remarkably full and well-arranged bibliography of more than 4,000 British Macedonia includes in addition to the expected monographs and periodical literature, uncovers but most welcome references to maps, Blue Books and articles in *The Times*, and covers the period from the Neolithic to the Atom Age. Even an earthquake was evidently powerless to fluster the Skopje University Press, whose printers have in general coped manfully with them—unfamiliar matter, though they should exercise their filial reverence for the great, the good, the execrable paper which is quite unused to a reference work of permanent value, and the absence of a subject-index (one could have been accommodated in the space saved by setting in double-column the full-out author-index).

The exceptional thoroughness of Dr. Andonov-Poljanjski's work, and the commonsense of his annotations must be due in large measure to the fact that he was able to study his material at first-hand in British libraries—an opportunity which he owed to the British Council, and a debt which he acknowledges in his English preface.

HEGEL'S ANGELS

EDWARD J. BROWN: *Stankovich and his Moscow Circle 1830-1900*. 149pp. Stanford University Press. Oxford University Press.

The young Russian intellectual of the 1830s, stirred to political consciousness by the dramatic episode of the Decembrist insurrection, and debarré from open expression of it by the heavy hand of Nicholas I and his censors and policemen, turned with avidity to the German idealistic philosophers, then at the height of their authority and influence. For a short period, Kant, Fichte, Schelling and above all Hegel became the inspirers and leaders of Russian youth, Spirit and the Absolute became the key words in which youthful aspirations expressed themselves. The representative figure of this period was a young man called Stankovich who died in 1840 at the age of twenty-seven. He was clearly a young man of engaging personality and of considerable intellectual gifts, which made him the centre of a brilliant group of neophytes of the new philosophy. His early death saved him from becoming involved in the more exacting and more sordid political controversies and persecutions of the 1840s. His name remained, among those who had known him and those who came after, as a legend of pure devotion to an Ideal of Good and Beauty, unsullied by the impurities of an attempt to bring down the Ideal to earth in conditions of autocracy and repression.

Mr. Brown has had the good idea of confronting the myth of Stankovich with what is known of Stankovich the person; and, if the result is not wholly satisfactory, this is due not to any shortcomings in Mr. Brown's research or in his presentation of the results, but to the fact that too little is known about Stankovich to make a convincing picture. Mr. Brown has no difficulty in showing that the famous account of Stankovich given by Herzen in his memoirs is simply a portrayal of the conventional myth. The "real" Stankovich has to be extracted from the extensive, but still fragmentary, remains of his correspondence with Belinsky (the only member of his circle who did not come from the land-owning class), the Buzin family and Granovsky. The letters point to a many-sided personality, inadequately represented by the idealistic dreamer and poet of the legend; but the total picture remains none the less disjointed and in some parts undecipherable.

Relations with women play an important part in the enigma of Stankovich. Idealization of women as the most perfect embodiment of pure Spirit was a common legend of these young philosophers. But in Natalie Beyer, one of two intelligent and romantically inclined sisters who circulated in this heady milieu, the same disconcerting experience with Stankovich and with Bakunin is known to have had some apparently promiscuous habits who was for some time his mistress in Berlin.

The story of his relations with the Bukinins's sisters is well documented, and has often been told. More than two years he was involved in the elder sister, Lyubov, and during the whole of this time alternated between correct expressions of his intention to marry her, and increasingly outspoken doubts whether he loved her with the truly spiritual love which was alone compatible with the Ideal. In the end he escaped from the intolerable choice by a journey abroad, leaving the unhappy Lyubov to die of an aneurysm. It is difficult to avoid Mr. Brown's verdict on Stankovich: treatment of her as "cruel". It seems to have been more seriously in love with the second sister, Varvara, whose liberation from the embraces of an unloved and boorish husband was a constant preoccupation of members of the circle at this time; and it was in Varvara arms that he died in the course of a journey in northern Italy.

Remote though his language and his experiences may be from the modern, or indeed from any practical, world, this group of high-minded and enthusiastic young Russians of the 1830s continues to exercise its fascination, and the record was well worth re-reading. The direct debt owed to them by later more political generations of Russian youth was slender—perhaps more slender than the legend suggests. But two features of the story seem to have persisted in different contexts and coloured many aspects of Russian nineteenth-century thought: the eternal quest for an elusive Absolute, and the capacity to reconcile that quest, and the sincerest devotion to the high principles which it involved, with a marked streak of ruthlessness in the sacrifice of individuals to it.

LENIN'S BOLSHEVIKS

ADAM B. ULAM: *Lenin and the Bolsheviks. The Intellectual and Political History of the Triumph of Communism in Russia*. 598pp. Secker and Warburg. £3 3s.

The author of this massive volume seems to have been caught in two minds. The original American edition was entitled simply *The Bolsheviks*; the English title is less appropriate, since the Bolsheviks other than Lenin remain dim figures in the background. The first chapter investigates in detail Lenin's ancestry and family circle in the traditional manner of biography. The second much longer chapter describes the Russian revolutionary movement from the Decembrist insurrection to the assassination of Alexander II in a way which suggests a study in depth of the Russian revolution. Thereafter the two themes blend without serious inconsequence; and the story ends a little abruptly with the death of Lenin.

Mr. Ulam has been immensely industrious in marshalling his sources, first-hand and second-hand. There is no bibliography, but the only complaint to be made of the fairly copious footnotes is his tiresome habit of translating Russian and other foreign titles (including titles of periodicals) into English. All the main facts are here; and Mr. Ulam has avoided the imaginative excesses in which some "American" biographers of Lenin have indulged about his private life, and has stuck to the political high road. His verdicts are generally conventional, but the reader can judge for himself. What seems a pity is that Mr. Ulam has mistakenly tried to enliven a sober narrative with showy epigrams and "bright" modern analogies. It is tedious rather than illuminating to refer to the Russian nineteenth-century revolutionaries as "a successive wave of angry young men" or to suggest that the Kadets combined "some of the characteristics

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When you see this sign NO OVERTAKING... not even to be first at W. H. SMITH & SON FOR BOOKS

EDUCATION ON THE FRONTIER

DANIEL JENKINS: *The Educated Society*. 256pp. Faber and Faber. 28s.

Mr. Jenkins is chaplain to the University of Sussex and his argument is that there is a rapid growth in the provision for education in a great many countries. This growth is connected with an increase in the number of people, and a great addition to the proportion who seek education. This seeking for education is connected with economic development and with fashion. To the members of the Christian Frontier Council, who sponsored this endeavour, "the reasons for educational expansion have never been fully stated". What these warriors guard, that no Pelican teacher, that no television screen, whose hints no newspapers enter?

Mr. Jenkins attaches importance to the social isolation that follows modern and geographical mobility in modern society. He may or may not exaggerate the degree to which this is a recent phenomenon, and the consequences that follow from it may not be as dramatic as he alleges. Is this allegation, for example, true? What matters here is not simply that these people have greater ability and social confidence. Often enough, they do not display these in the measure that the situation demands, in the way that, for instance, their American counterparts do.

Unfortunately, much of what Mr. Jenkins says is couched in such broad terms that it is difficult to prove or disprove. The ideal which looms before modern industrialized society if it is left to work out its own logic is that of an ever-growing community of people with calculable, easily manipulable and basically identical desires, who will do what it is most convenient for the producers

to have them do. It is the ideal of the mass society. This seems, in one respect, a grotesque exaggeration. It seems, in other respects, a general statement to which assent can be given, without necessarily regarding the implications as catastrophic. Yet, clearly, they might be, and it is to the defence of the human spirit that Mr. Jenkins calls the education system and, more especially, the universities.

... by far the strongest justification which can be made for the modern expansion of formal education is that it is meant to be a systematic attempt on the part of the community to equip all its members with the knowledge and discrimination and sound judgment and self-discipline which will enable them to resist and to check the otherwise inevitably corrosive influence of the industrialized, technologically-dominated civilization which is the chief source of their wealth. Other agencies than educational ones may be needed if this is to be effectively done, and it might well be that we should be better off if we did not have to rely so heavily upon formal education to do this work for us, but formal education is the agency we have chosen and it is hard to see what other means can be used to resist the massification of our society if this fails.

The proper education, Mr. Jenkins argues, was generally held to be a liberal non-vocational education, which produced cultivated amateurs. Now it is directly related to a student's future job and status. Is vocational education compatible with a liberal education? No answer comes, except to say that the academic community

is no longer simply a place apart from the ordinary life of the world; it is itself a very substantial and influential part of that life. And within itself, it has to solve the problems of striking a right balance between involvement and withdrawal. It should also see, with some humility, that its relatively favoured situation and its access to the great body of experience from the past should

enable it to approach these problems with the expectation that it ought to be able to solve them in ways which should be illuminating for society as a whole. That this close relation between the academic community and the rest of society produces serious threats to its integrity and independence is undeniable.

Involvement, in other words, is a necessary condition for academic survival. It is to the elucidation of this somewhat obscure point of view that most of the book is devoted. A culture, the author argues, must be a common culture, because in modern society we are all mutually involved in a way that used not to be the case, and also because an elite culture, in modern capitalism, will be the culture of the controllers, and therefore debased and exploitative, as well as rendering popular culture syncretic and controlled. Thus, he argues, a true education for excellence will be deeply involved: the problems of the non-excellent and, in particular, the place of the public media of entertainment are central to the idea of an educated society.

Mr. Jenkins makes an attack on Mr. Crowsland, who was once bold enough to question the validity of the views of those who held that the mass media were serious debasers of the social currency, and that working class life was, as a result, impoverished.

It is worth noting that this seems to happen more in modern England than in the U.S.A., perhaps because nobility is part of the American ethos and people know how to deal with it. It is the family removed from the impoverished but closely-knit family life of Michael Young's *Behind the Green* to a New Town or from the fully-articulated and intensely local life of a Welsh or Durham mining village to Slough or even Birmingham, where the people and the family removed from the impoverished but closely-knit family life of Michael Young's *Behind the Green* to a New Town or from the fully-articulated and intensely local life of a Welsh or Durham mining village to Slough or even Birmingham, where the people

ONLY HUMAN

ALEX COMFORT: *Nature and Human Nature*. 222pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

The distinctive feature of Dr. Comfort's study of man is that he studies the whole man. In the early days of evolutionary studies it was inevitable that the emphasis should be placed on man's kinship with the animals, but deeper study has brought out even on the purely evolutionary plane the importance of man's cultural inheritance as a factor—in modern times the major factor—in the development of the species. Whereas man's early development was determined by his environment, now man determines his environment. It is in accordance with this trend that Dr. Comfort lays at least as much emphasis on man's emotional life, his religion and his art as upon his genetic constitution.

What he has to say about the emergence of *homo sapiens* from the anthropoid roots which produced also the monkeys, the apes and the early species of man known to us only from their fossil remains is in line with current thought on this subject. He is more controversial in accepting Freud's own estimate of himself as having achieved a revolution akin to that of Copernicus or Darwin. In fact, Freud's speculations rest on a wholly different experimental basis from that which sustains celestial or biological mechanics; they are based on the abnormal rather than the normal; they depend on a notion of sexuality far wider than the strict biological sense; and they are far from being universally accepted.

Dr. Comfort returns to sapper ground when he comes to the invention of tools and the discovery of the agricultural way of life, to the causes of human variability, to man's biological enemies and the hazards of his life, to the relation between population, food and environment. He is particularly good when he points out the danger of upsetting the delicate balance of nature by a one-sided preaching—by the wholesale eradication of some pest, for example, without a consideration of the consequences that may flow from it.

When he turns to the problems of aging he writes with all the authority of his special study of this subject. Senescence may be due to the loss or deterioration of cells (such as brain cells) which are not removed by the ordinary processes of life but are given us once for all, and this may be

due to injury or to a built-in lifespan; or it may be due to "faulty copying" of the renewable cells; or it may be due to changes in the information-carrying molecules. It would be cold comfort if life were merely prolonged as a result of the new science of gerontology, and one of the most important public health needs in modern urban societies is a radical revision of our attitude towards the employment and social position of the old.

It is not only the old for whose problems a solution is needed. One of Dr. Comfort's most valuable chapters is on man as his own enemy. "Man", he says, "is the only animal which is inherently able, corporately and individually, to be his own worst enemy." What are the social and mental forces which can make human beings fully social and give them the power of joy without limiting their capacity for necessary sorrow, and enable them to be free of anxiety without blinking the facts of the human situation? Philosophy,

religion and stoical resignation have all been prescribed, but the psychiatric evidence seems now, in many people's view, to point to the same force which socialized primates, made as able to live in families, and motivated by our personal and social behaviour, namely sexual love—extended, through the peculiar role it has come to play in human economy, far outside its original context of the desire to copulate, and made more similar to the poet Schiller's idea of joy, a sexual affection, carrying the same pleasurable intensity we find in man-woman relations, but spilling over into all types of relationship, even our relationship with things.

It will be interesting to see how Dr. Comfort develops this suggestion in subsequent works; and the suggestion may be made that he will find light not only in current psychology and anthropology but also in the conception of *agape* in early Christian writing, so much wider than, and indeed so different from, mere sexuality, or in that *amor* which, according to Dante, moves the sun and the other stars.

PLACE YOUR BETS

ALEX RUBNER: *The Economics of Gambling*. 166pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Mr. Rubner has undertaken an investigation of gambling in modern communities, largely from an economic point of view, though his work is highly discursive and brings in many sides and judgments from other fields. His thesis is that gambling is not only a perennial aspect of human society but also that it is not necessarily as illogical as it seems since in the first place a number of people seem to make a fairly steady income from it, and, secondly, because for a greater part of the community the hope of acquiring a relatively vast fortune can only have been realized through the one chance in a million of getting a big win in a gambling deal.

Mr. Rubner considers the way in which gambling can be taxed and whether or not gambling should be state owned or whether the government should actually institute a state lottery. In this connection he is of course inevitably driven to a consideration of the Premium Bond scheme, which he regards as an astonishingly expensive means of raising the level of savings. He believes that there should be a full state lottery with substantial prizes and indeed argues that the only way of getting a really big subscription to the lottery would be to offer a really substantial income. It seems probable that Mr. Rubner may have over-estimated the actual economic costs of gambling and in so doing he may have exaggerated the value of the turnover which the state lottery would attract. He may also have underestimated the degree of violence and crime that seems inevitably to be associated with big-time gambling. Nevertheless his views are fresh and original and need thorough investigation before they can be rejected out of hand.

The Vinland map which was the subject of widespread discussion when published in facsimile in 1963 is now in this country. It has been brought over by an emissary of Yale University and has been deposited in the British Museum for study and further investigation. It will be exhibited in the British Museum from January 20 for four weeks.

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ROGER LLOYD: *The Church of England 1900-1965*. 623pp. SCM Press. £2 15s.

Roger Lloyd died while this book was in the press, and a review of it must properly begin with an expression of regret that the Church will now lack anything further from his versatile, attractive and hard-working talents. For him "the Church" was always the Church of England, the foundation of all his books, and he wrote about it without any attempt to gather importance for himself. He was evidently, as this book makes plain, rejoicing to be writing about something that had made him what he was and which he loved. He saw its faults, but, like a mother with a squinting child, loved it in spite of them.

He had already written two books about it, which covered the period from the beginning of the century down to 1945. They were not in the strictest sense of the word a history of the time: he lacked the scholarship for that kind of book. They were rather a character study of the Church, based certainly on considerable reading, but dealing with aspects of the story that had specially interested him, a "meditation" he himself called it, but because he was very fully committed in what he was writing, the books had an absorbing quality for the reader. It was possible to fault the work, to say that it lacked proportion, that points were missed, and others given an undue prominence, but no one could deny that the fluency of the writing carried the tale forward in a swift movement that other more sober historians might envy, nor could anyone deny that from the books there emerged a portrait of the Church of England, a not inconsiderable achievement.

Then a few years ago a fresh publisher invited him to revise the former books, then out of print, and to bring the story up to date. Gladly Lloyd set about the task. He pruned and emended the former volumes, and wrote a third, succeeding in giving a unity to the work. The result is a much better book, for he had had twenty or so more years during which to look back at the earlier work, and the longer backward look helped him to work more effectively at the later period.

His longest look is at Anglo-Catholicism, whose story covered the whole period and whose determination must have attracted him. In spite of an almost universally bad press, which included *Punch*, in spite of episcopal denunciations, and in spite of serious persecution which included riots and during which five priests were imprisoned, and in spite of the displeasure of Queen Victoria, it persevered, producing scholars and saints. Lloyd is not blind to its faults, its misjudgments, its too easy adoption of

methods of worship from the Counter-Reformation, its sometimes ruthless alteration of long established parochial ways, but he sees that it was the Anglo-Catholics who rescued the Church of England from the stagnation of the Victorian age. It had taught the Church what it meant to be the Church, and in doing so had led it into a vast array of social works; for by recovering the older Faith it had recovered also the meaning of the Faith in human life, and this wide range of activity provided Lloyd with abundant material for his work. These parts of the book are extremely well done, and the share of the Anglo-Catholics in the developing story becomes plain.

Equally effective is his survey of the modernist controversy, which was an attempt, not unlike the modern one with which the book closes, to find a form of Christianity which might be acceptable to the scientifically trained cultured mind. The attempt could not succeed, partly because religious ideas were fundamentally outside the reach of the type of demonstration which the sciences could accept, but principally because when everything had been removed to which scientists might object what was left was certainly not Christianity. Lloyd very acutely notes Sir Clement Hoskins as the principal opponent of the modernists, and with him he places Chesterton and Evelyn Underhill. There were others, and he might have mentioned Ronald Knox, whose *Some Loose Stones* left the celebrated *Foundations* in ruins. But altogether it is a very good account of the controversy, and perhaps because it belonged to the more impressionistic years of his youth it is better done than are his references to the current theological debate, where he might have been expected to wonder how the same group of writers would have fared today.

Another attractive feature of the book is that he devotes several pages to men who were outstanding in their time, or to parishes, or to particular undertakings. Not everyone will agree with his choices or endorse his estimate of them; but that does not matter, for they are in the book not for their own sake but because they help to build up the picture of the Church of England. The book is not the work of a professional historian but of an artist, perhaps not a great one, but one who had been thrilled by what he had seen. The result anyway is impressive, and there can be no doubt at all but that he has got on to paper the Church of England of his time. It might even sober our avant-garde with the discovery that this puzzling Church whose failures they proclaim can inspire such deep affection.

Letters to the Editor (continued)

LORD JIM'S LINE

Sir.—In her rejoinder in your issue of December 15 Miss Allen bypasses the points I raised in my letter to her. (1) That, contrary to her statements, discoveries can be made more than once; (2) that it was possible for me to "discover" most of her findings independently, without access to her files or those of Singapore institutions and offices; (3) that, despite her explicit promise, she included in her book details she owes to me, and did so without acknowledgment or acknowledgment; and (4) that she included in her book implications for the charges she has repeatedly made against Dr. Norman Sherry. Sidelighting all these points, she has instead drawn a veritable shoal of red herrings across the path of the discussion.

First of all, her letter contains a number of misstatements. To deal with them all would require more space than the hospitality of your columns permits, but it is worthwhile to examine some of them, for they demonstrate an attitude towards the facts that is, to say the least, astonishing. Miss Allen writes, for instance, that "Mr. Olmeyer sent me certain material in 1960." A year later he wrote me of receiving a letter from a man he did not know, a Mr. Van Marle, who said he possessed photographs of Olmeyer. The actual facts (which I have double-checked with Mr. Haverschmidt) are these: On March 8, 1960, Mr. Haverschmidt, in response to my request, was kind enough to lend me his material on Olmeyer and Olmeyer, including his description of the latter's children's graves, and also the papers passed on to him by Dr. Reed. On July 17 I called on him at his home to return the file, and at that time showed him the photographs I had collected of Olmeyer and his wife, their house and Olmeyer's general. Almost three months after that visit Mr. Haverschmidt received his first letter from Miss Allen, dated October 3, 1960. On October 23 he replied to her, and in this first letter he informed her (after having asked my permission to do so) that he had met me, that I had a large amount of information and photographs on Conrad's Southeast Asian period, and that it might be worth her while to get in touch with me.

In her rejoinder Miss Allen goes on to say that she wrote to me requesting photographs, but that my reply was to ask for a copy of her book. After having received it, I "declined to send the photographs," and "our exchange of three letters came to a natural end." Again, the actual facts are rather different. On October 31, 1960, Miss Allen wrote me asking what my collection of Conrad materials included—"to give some direction to the many questions I have." This letter, which I answered in detail on December 19, was followed by two others, dated January 6 and 19, 1961, containing a number of specific questions, to all of which I responded. (And I repeat that these answers are to be found in Miss Allen's book, without documentation, without acknowledgment, and without permission.) Since none of Miss Allen's letters contained a request for photographs, the question whether or not to send them did not arise. Nor did I ask for a copy of her

first book on Conrad: what I did was to accept her offer to send me one, since it was not available in any Dutch library. Our correspondence came to an end that I should term abrupt rather than natural, since Miss Allen chose not to answer my letter of April 5, 1961, in which I only referred to her second list of queries, but also took the liberty of pointing out that while she continued to ask new questions, she ignored those I put to her. These details are no doubt quite unimportant in themselves, but they do cast a strange light on Miss Allen's working methods.

The same thing can be said of her remarks on Olmeyer. I did not write, of course, that Miss Allen ignored the printed accounts of what she calls the search for Olmeyer ("identification of Olmeyer" would be the more accurate phrase in her book). The purpose of my letter was not to review her book, but to challenge the theses of her letter. I should have to go back to the letter she wrote me to show that she had covered the identity of Conrad's ship; in reply I pointed out that earlier printed accounts show that various others preceded her in making the discovery. (It is patently ridiculous of Miss Allen to state that I learnt of these printed accounts from her book; I referred to some of them in my second letter to her, on January 12, 1961, before I had ever seen anything she had written on Conrad.)

But now Miss Allen's argument is that she was the first to produce "indisputable evidence." Apparently Dr. Gordon's mention of Conrad's slip of the pen and his account of what Olmeyer's daughter told him about her father and her birthplace are "disputable." What does it take to convince a documenter? Perhaps it is contemporary documentary evidence she demands? But then she tells us that Olmeyer, in his own handwriting, dated "Berouw le December 1890" and in which he describes himself as "inwoner van Berouw" (inhabitant of Berouw). This petition (for permission to prospect for gold in the interior of Borneo—shades of Conrad's *Almayer's Folly*) was published in facsimile by Professor Reink in December, 1960, more than a year before Miss Allen's "indisputable evidence." In her article "Conrad's River"—and this Miss Allen knows perfectly well, for she referred to the petition in her article. It is difficult to understand why, as evidence that Berouw was the setting of *Almayer's Folly*, the statement by Olmeyer himself should be more indisputable than Miss Allen's evidence published by her. I might add in passing that speculation about the site of *Lord Jim*, at least, has still not ended, witness the November number of *Notes and Queries*.

As for "the issue of the present controversy," I am afraid that it is Miss Allen, not I, who is clouding it, for she shifts the ground under her feet every letter. The determining factor, her issue was "the discovery was made (not, it should be noted, when the discovery was published, and to demonstrate her point collectors award a token place. This explains the easy accumulation by late comers to the fair). There are fifteen entries for Lawrence's Lynch, a very comparable writer. M. E. Bradton, story teller, has seventeen entries. There are sixteen for Gaboriau, and thirty-seven for Fergus Hume. The last two are more truly in the field, but these five authors account for one-fourth of the book. Among the rest are included almost every Victorian novelist except Dickens. What of the Hogarty series?

There is no serious dispute on facts recorded by the compiler, but two or three points call for mention. The first item to be called for mention is *The First* by Hume's *The Dawn of the Dawn*, and Bowden, dated 1896. The firm's name changed to Ward, Lock and Co. dated copy cited is a reprint, apparently in the "Copyright Novel" series started in 1896. The edition of Hume's *Crime of a Christmas* Toy ascribed as 1891 forms number twenty-seven in the same series.

I own copy of Gaboriau's *Lecoq, The Detective*, has Vitzel's imprint, dated 1891. There is no evidence of the back of each title-page is the statement "S. Cowan and Co., Strathmore Press, Perth."

The assumption that the "collecting" of detective fiction began with Gaboriau, or even with Carter's essay of 1894, is a piece of childish folklore. It is a collection of the kind of detective story that is not unusual in the collected criminal "solving a fashion" is not, welcomed by established collectors in any field. It may establish a reputation for the setter,

she advanced three "discoveries" which had made (not published) by Williams, Captain Lingard, and in my reply I pointed out that in the same year I had independently made these "discoveries," and that Olmeyer had preceded her in print in the identification of Olmeyer.

With that, these demolished fifteen years ago, when missiles seemed likely to be all-sufficient, the manner of acknowledgment of sources, and since I pointed out her own debt to Olmeyer, she has now shown me the qualification "sources heavily indebted to Olmeyer."

The can only conclude that the repetition of her charge, made by her during the past few months, that Sherry has borrowed extensively from her without acknowledgment, in modern circumstances. Not only do Dr. Sherry published the material in articles predating Olmeyer's, but Olmeyer's publication of it, to demonstrate to the world the nature and purpose of his writings, cannot be denied. The fact that he did not possibly have seen Olmeyer's book, and did not in fact glean ideas from it, is a detail that he could not know, one else with access to Mr. Haverschmidt's materials. The fact that Olmeyer's daughter told him about her father and her birthplace are "disputable." What does it take to convince a documenter? Perhaps it is contemporary documentary evidence she demands? But then she tells us that Olmeyer, in his own handwriting, dated "Berouw le December 1890" and in which he describes himself as "inwoner van Berouw" (inhabitant of Berouw). This petition (for permission to prospect for gold in the interior of Borneo—shades of Conrad's *Almayer's Folly*) was published in facsimile by Professor Reink in December, 1960, more than a year before Miss Allen's "indisputable evidence." In her article "Conrad's River"—and this Miss Allen knows perfectly well, for she referred to the petition in her article. It is difficult to understand why, as evidence that Berouw was the setting of *Almayer's Folly*, the statement by Olmeyer himself should be more indisputable than Miss Allen's evidence published by her. I might add in passing that speculation about the site of *Lord Jim*, at least, has still not ended, witness the November number of *Notes and Queries*.

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easy to understand why. He had ranged far and wide. He was wonderfully observant; and he was a little mysterious. A rolling stone, and at all stages of his career an odd character, he went to parts of the world, the Spanish Main, the broad Pacific, about which men of his era were highly curious, since so much was then still unknown.

Considering his three circumnavigations, and the fact that he was the first Englishman known to have visited Australia, not a great deal has been written about him. Professor Lloyd, in a work of modest length presented with verve and authority, places Dampier high among seamen-writers, and fills in gaps in the chronology of his life. Dampier had reason for reticence about parts of his activities, for if at one time he held his sovereign's commission, at others he was no more than a buccaneer. Many sides of his character, and the works by which he will always be remembered, are looked at with attention in this attractive biography.

RICHES, ANTONIA. *For Love of a Rose*. 254pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.

For Love of a Rose is an interesting story of how a famous French family of rose growers, the Meillands, came into being and of how they built up their business into one of the biggest in Europe. Unfortunately the book is written in such nauseating baby language that it almost manages to spoil the story. The style is long-winded, coy, chatty and whimsical; there are whole pages of sentimental imaginary conversations which add nothing to the narrative. However, the reader can gush a picture of some very delightful and lovable people, the Meillands, their parents and grandparents.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. *The Jew of Malta*. Edited by T. W. Craik. 128pp. Ernest Benn. 11s. 6d.

Dr. Craik's New Mermaid edition of *The Jew of Malta* reproduces, in modernized spelling, the 1633 quarto which is the earliest now extant, though the play appears in the Stationers' Register in 1594. He judges Marlowe's violent play as a good but not a profound one—neither propagandist nor moralistic, but dramatic, and more ambiguous in tone than *The Spanish Tragedy* which it so much resembles.

MACKINNON, CHARLES. *The Observer's Book of Herodotus*. 150pp. 12 plates, 118 line drawings. Frederick Warne. 6s.

The "Observer" series is well known for short but expert introductions to studies of subjects of natural history and of artistic and mechanical interest, and Mr. Mackinnon's book is as good value for money and as knowledgeably written as any in the series. There is a slight Scottish bias and in places the need for conciseness leads to over-simplification, although a very little further reading will correct this. The illustrations, mostly borrowed, are excellent, and the book in general an efficient introduction for the *Herodotus* novice.

HAY, DANVS. *Europe in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries*. 421pp. Longmans. 35s.

This book forms part of a series of eleven volumes of moderate compass which are designed to survey the whole of European history (including that of England) from the fifth century until 1945. It has been written by the general editor who is to be commended for the skill with which he has arranged his over-abundant material. The first part of this volume considers the structure of society and its government. Then follow short summaries of the history of particular states. And in conclusion the bonds—religious, cultural and economic—which brought together European society at this time are noted. Professor Hay, as might be expected, writes with erudition and discretion, but he has been cruelly handicapped by being compelled to compress so large a subject into this space.

ROCHE, T. W. E. *The King of Almayer*. 258pp. John Murray. 35s.

The subject of this book is Richard, son of King John of England, who became Earl of Cornwall some years after his father's death, and who was later elected King of the Romans at the instigation of Konrad von Hoch-

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

staden, archbishop of Cologne, and crowned at Aachen in 1257. An English earl who became a King in Germany may challenge interest in his own right, but at the whole Richard has received an unfavourable judgment from historians. Now comes Mr. Roche to redress the balance, and he writes with vigour and considerable erudition. Perhaps, however, he is inclined to over-glamorise Richard with his three beautiful wives, and it is surely an exaggeration to describe this man as "the greatest single force in keeping the English kingdom intact during the troubled reign of Henry III." But a good case can be made out for Richard's ability even if he was personally unfortunate, and the part he played in European politics, particularly those of the Rhineland, is here well described.

MEDICINE
HENSHEN, FRED. *The History of Diseases*. Translated by Joan Tate. 344pp. Longmans. £3 3s.

The study of geographical pathology has advanced greatly since Professor Henshen first published a book on this subject in 1934, but he has found no reason to depart from the paradox which he formulated then that "the history of mankind is the history of its diseases." The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was the first war on record where the number of those killed in battle was not less than those who died of disease, and this tendency has continued. Dividing his book into two sections, one on infectious diseases and another on non-infectious diseases accompanied with diseases of organs, Professor Henshen gives a short and interesting survey of the history of the progress and distribution of disease, which will make his book a useful work of reference. The illustrations are both numerous and excellent.

OSMAN, TONY. *In Aid of Surgery*. 63pp. Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.

The latest of the Progress of Science books gives an account of the great advances that have been made in recent years in various techniques designed to help the surgeon in his work, and in some cases to extend further the field of that work. Here are simple and intelligible descriptions of modern methods of investigation of disease, of anaesthesia, of the action and place of the antibiotics, of the surgical treatment of some forms of heart disease, of the replacement of diseased organs either by grafts from an out-organ donor or by the use of highly technical mechanical aids. The book is short, well written and should appeal to an increasingly large number of people who want to know what is now going on in this subject.

NATURAL HISTORY
BURKE, NORAH. *The Midnight Forest*. 159pp. Jarrolds. 30s.

Readers of Norah Burke's wild life stories will already be aware that this author offers just that much more imagination and originality than most other nature writers, and her latest book, *The Midnight Forest*, upholds this reputation. Mrs. Burke is a truly dedicated naturalist and her nightly vigils at badgers' sets in all weathers prove this beyond doubt. She has some fascinating theories on animal behaviour, for while waiting for the badgers to emerge she keeps a wide eye on the passing scene and is just as well informed on the movements of foxes and roe deer as she is on the ways of the badger.

FISHER, JAMES. *Shell Nature Lovers' Atlas*. 32pp. Ebury Press and Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

Thirty-two maps covering England, Scotland and Wales accompanied by cross-referencing notes grouped under counties. Mr. Fisher's aim is to tell you quickly and accurately where to go to see nature reserves, woods, parks, lakes, zoos, and so on, and it is remarkably successful, even depressingly successful, for one has a feeling that the last piece of open land, the last remote mere will have been invaded by the civilised man and his binocular brigade. But this is of course in its way a compliment to Mr. Fisher's imaginatively planned and lucidly written guide.

MORRIS, DESMOND and RAMONA. *Men and Pandas*. 223pp. Hutchinson. £2 10s.

An impressively documented and scholarly piece of research into

pandas (the giant panda is not the only one) and pandaria since the remarkable Roman Catholic the Abbé David saw a skin for the first time in 1869. The panda has a melancholy look and well it may have, since it has been shot, carted about, dumped in unsuitable climates, gawped at and urged to mate against its will.

Reference Books
Collins National Encyclopedia. 460pp. Collins. 7s. 6d.

HANFORD, S. A., and HERBERG, MARY. *Laurenzschmidt's Shorter Latin Dictionary*. Latin-English, English-Latin. 479pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

For the Latin-English section Professor Feyereabend's dictionary has been thoroughly revised and augmented by Mr. S. A. Hanford. The authors represented range from Plautus to Suetonius, and it is a special and valuable feature of this work that all "hidden" quantities are marked. Mrs. Mary Herberg has compiled the English-Latin section, and the dictionary as a whole can be recommended within its self-appointed limits as reliable, well printed, and comprehensive.

WATKINS, A. J. (Editor). *Guide to Reference Material*. Volume 1. Science and Technology. Assistant Editors: K. R. Rider and F. R. Taylor. The Library Association. £5.

The *Guide* is a survey of recent reference material in all subjects; its scope is international but British publications have prior consideration. Though designed primarily to help librarians in the building up of reference collections it has obvious uses, also, for students of all kinds in many fields. The present volume, covering classes 5/6 of the U.D.C. (the annotated entries, about 3,000 in number, follow this scheme), is the first to appear in the *Guide's* second edition. It is hoped that the new editions of volumes two and three, covering, between them, philosophy and religion, the social sciences, history, language, literature and the fine arts, will follow at yearly intervals.

Social Studies
The Face of the Sun Kingdoms. With introductions by C. A. Burland. Photographs by George Bunzl. 33pp. and 116 plates. Fountain Press. £3 3s.

In the highlands and remotest parts of Central America and Peru, the descendants of those who built American civilization before Columbus have survived in large numbers. They are a sad, crushed, inward-turned people who have rejected most of the ways of their European conquerors and clung to all they could—what little there was—of their own. With improving communications and increasing population, they are unlikely to preserve their distinctiveness much longer. Mr. Bunzl's collection of photographs shows them in all their essence.

We all fell in love with Australia completely and instantly," says Mr. Durrell in his latest expedition chronicle, and he proceeds to write lovingly and amusingly in his light and readable style about his six-month journey through Australia, New Zealand and Malaya. He, his wife and two B.B.C. cameramen were on a television filming trip, studying the wild life of these regions and, as always in Durrell sagas, there were hilarious difficulties and moments of rewarding success. Mr. Durrell can be warm without being sentimental, and informative without being academic. It is not surprising that his previous books have attracted so many readers, and it is almost certain that this new one will maintain his record.

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